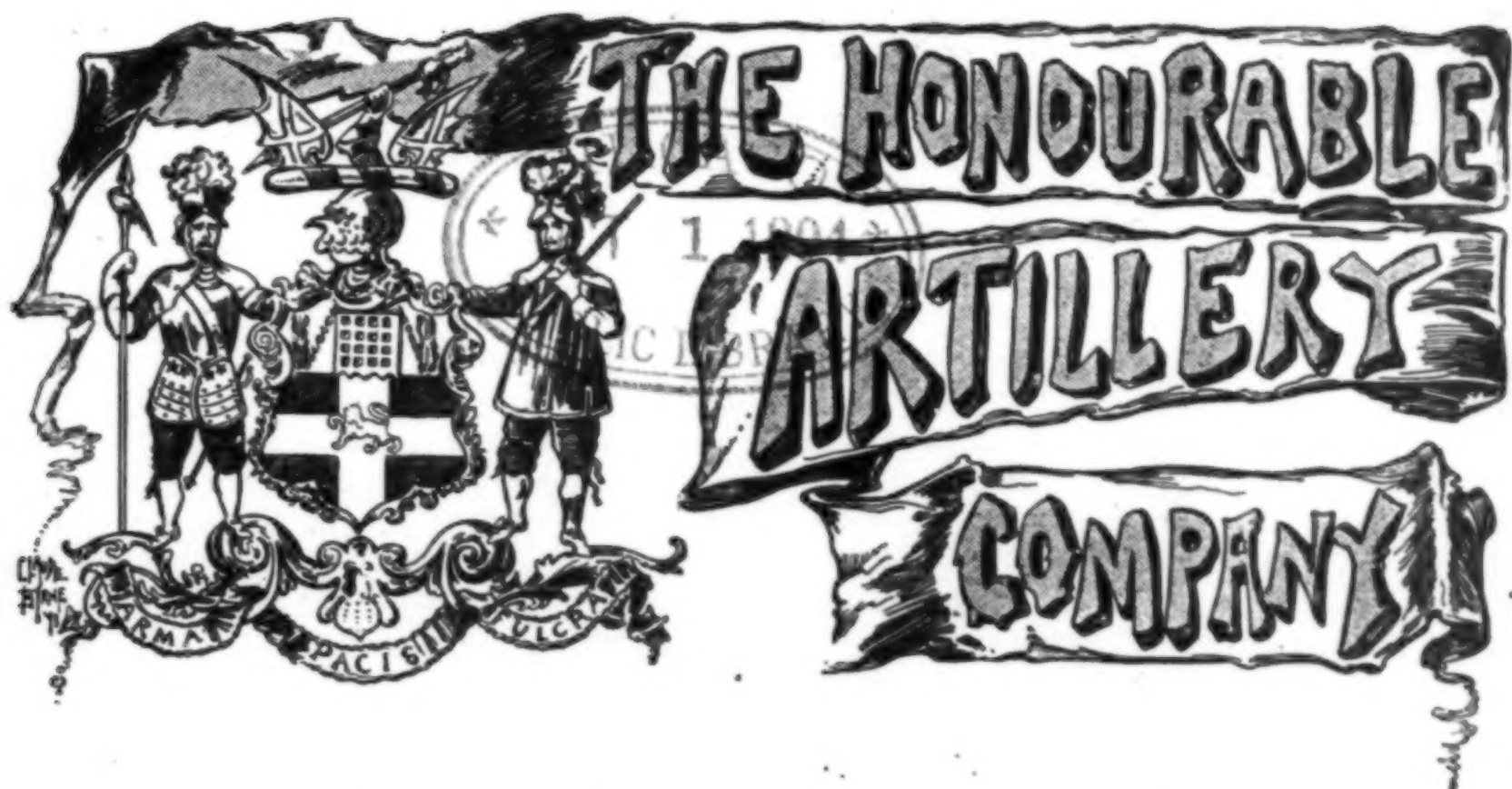




H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
As Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company (in full dress uniform of the Company).



IT is the proud boast of the Honourable Artillery Company that they are the most ancient military body, or corps, in the British Empire. In fact, its origin is more or less involved in obscurity. The Company was incorporated by King Henry the VIII., on the 25th August, 1537—more than a century before any other British regiment was raised—under the title of “Fraternity or Guild of St. George,” and consisted of archers; but from the first it seems to have had a leaning towards the use of artillery. Vague and incomplete as are the records of these times, we find reference made to a similar body styled “The Fraternity of Artillery in Great and Small Ordnance,” or the “Gunners of the Tower.” They practised on a piece of ground near Bishopsgate, then known as the “Teazel Ground,”

afterwards famous as the Artillery Yard, or Garden. It is not likely that the “Gunners of the Tower” were identical with the Honourable Artillery Company, as many suppose. They were very closely

allied, both using the same ground, and for a lengthened period being the only two bodies who practised and taught the use of artillery. The right to use the “Artillery Garden” was a constant source of dispute between the “Gunners of the Tower” and the Honourable Artillery Company; and, no doubt, this prompted the latter to apply to the Corporation, in 1614, for a field in which to exercise. They were granted a piece of ground in Finsbury; but in 1635, a Committee was appointed by the Corporation to report on the desirability of granting ground at Bunhill. Their report was not presented until 1641. It was favourable, and the ground at present occupied was granted to the Company. In December, 1698, permission was obtained to build on the south (or Chiswell Street) side of the

ground, but nothing was done until 1709. The building was finished in 1722, in which year King George the First made the Company a present of £500, so well pleased was he with their appearance at a review. This sum was set

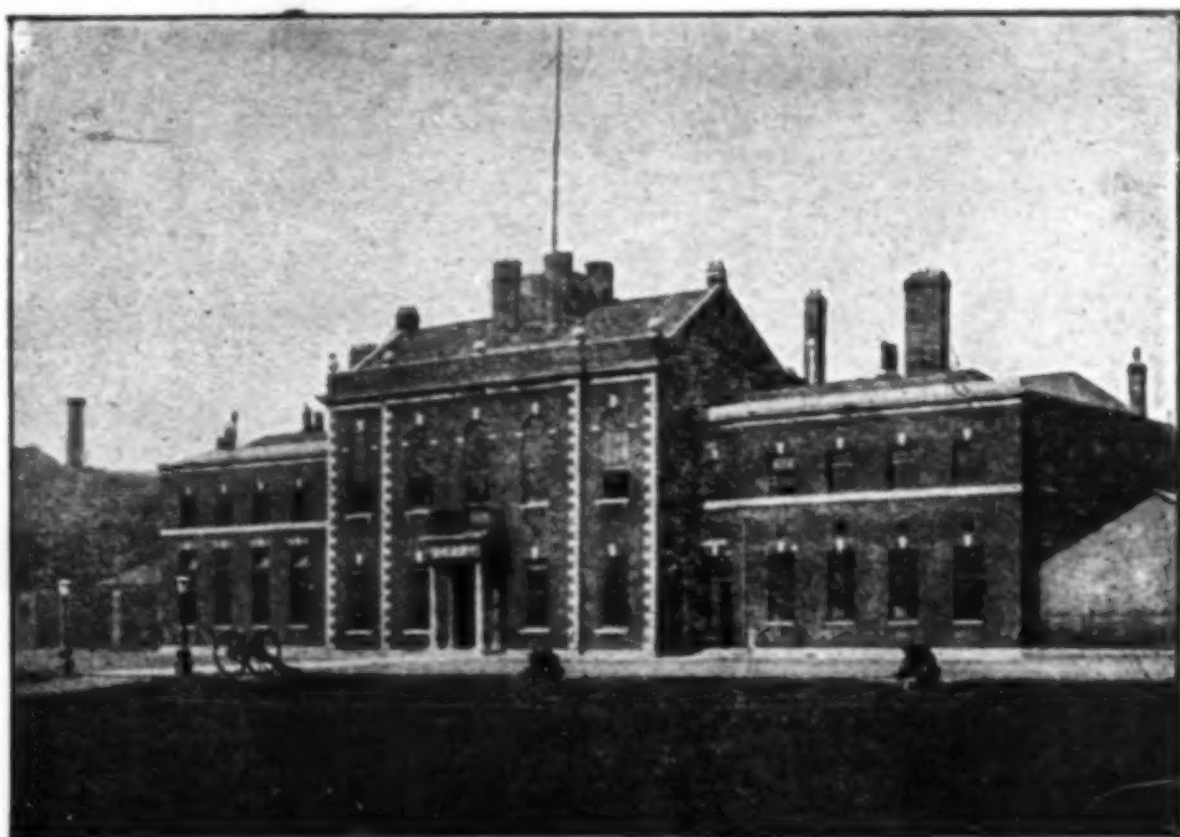


Photo. by]

THE “ARMOURY HOUSE,” FINSBURY.

[Arthur Weston.

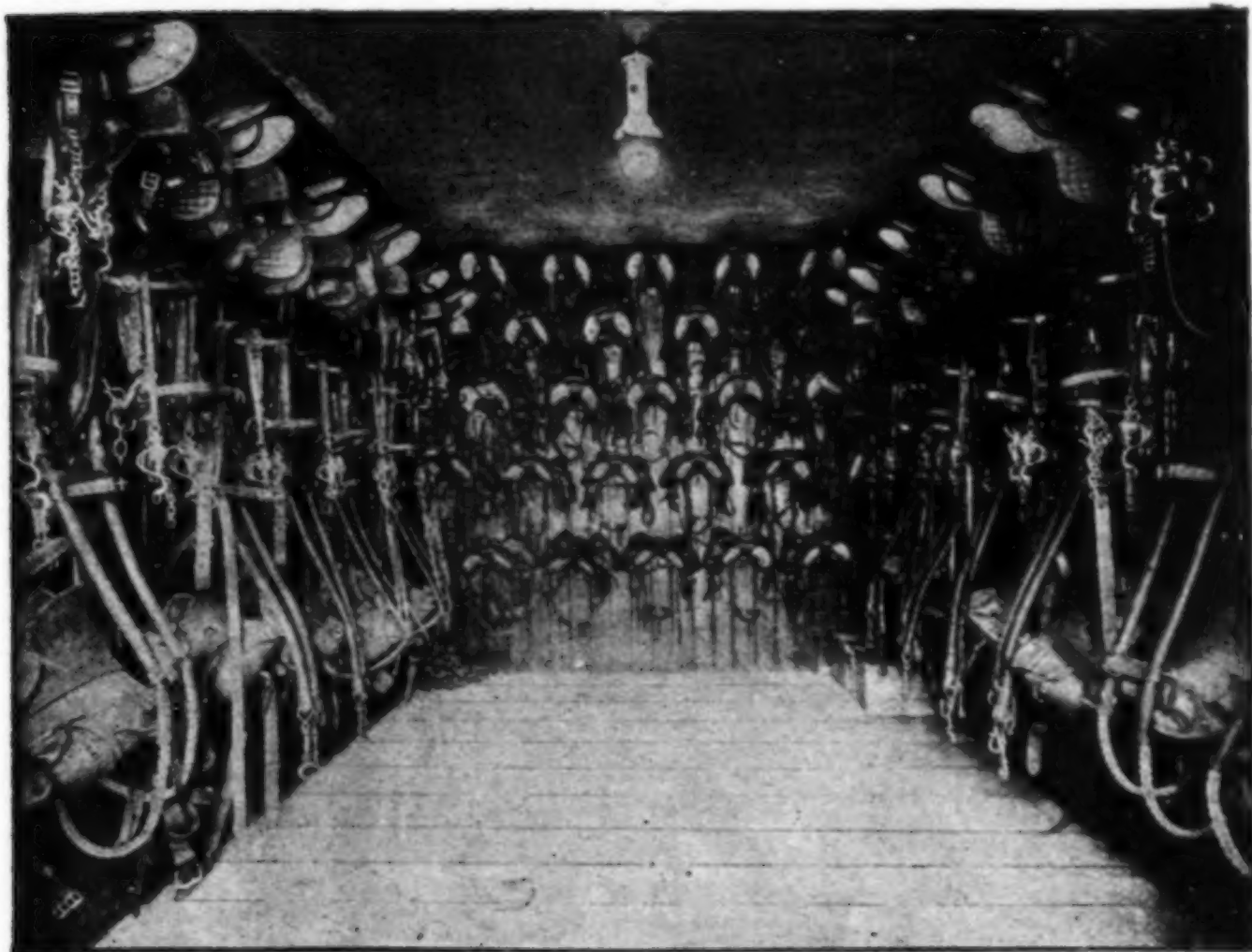
apart to form a new armoury. The buildings were entirely completed in 1736, but have been much added to since. No regiment can boast of anything like the number of distinguished men who have at different periods served with the Company. For a proof of this we have only to turn to the great Vellum Book of the Corps, and to the rolls, and other historical records.

From the time when Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York, joined in 1641, the Sovereign or the Prince of Wales has always held the command as Captain General. Space does not admit of us giving anything like a full list of the celebrated persons in every reign who were in the Company. The following, however, is representative, if incomplete:—Prince Rupert, Charles II., the Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Ormond, Duke of Buckingham, William III., Sir Christopher Wren, Monk, Earl of Albemarle, George I. and Prince George of Denmark. The Company did not take any part as a body in the civil wars, and from April, 1644, to January, 1657, even the election of members was suspended. The

officers of the Company, both civil and military, were elected annually down to the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. At the present time the appointment of all officers rests with the Crown. The annual "feasts" of the Company were a recognised institution. They were held with great regularity from 1620 to 1685, when the feast was postponed by the King. It was customary for the Company and the invited guests to attend one of the City churches, when a sermon was preached by a clergyman specially elected, who usually received "three broad pieces of gold," or three guinea pieces, for his trouble. The Lord Mayor and the City officials always attended in state, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when Captain General, invariably being present. The Company always furnished a guard of honour to the Lord Mayor on Lord Mayor's Day, when he went to Westminster to be sworn in. In 1684 the title of the three senior leaders was changed to general, lieutenant-general and major-general, the remainder being styled captains. In 1655, the year of the great plague, the Company lost a large propor-



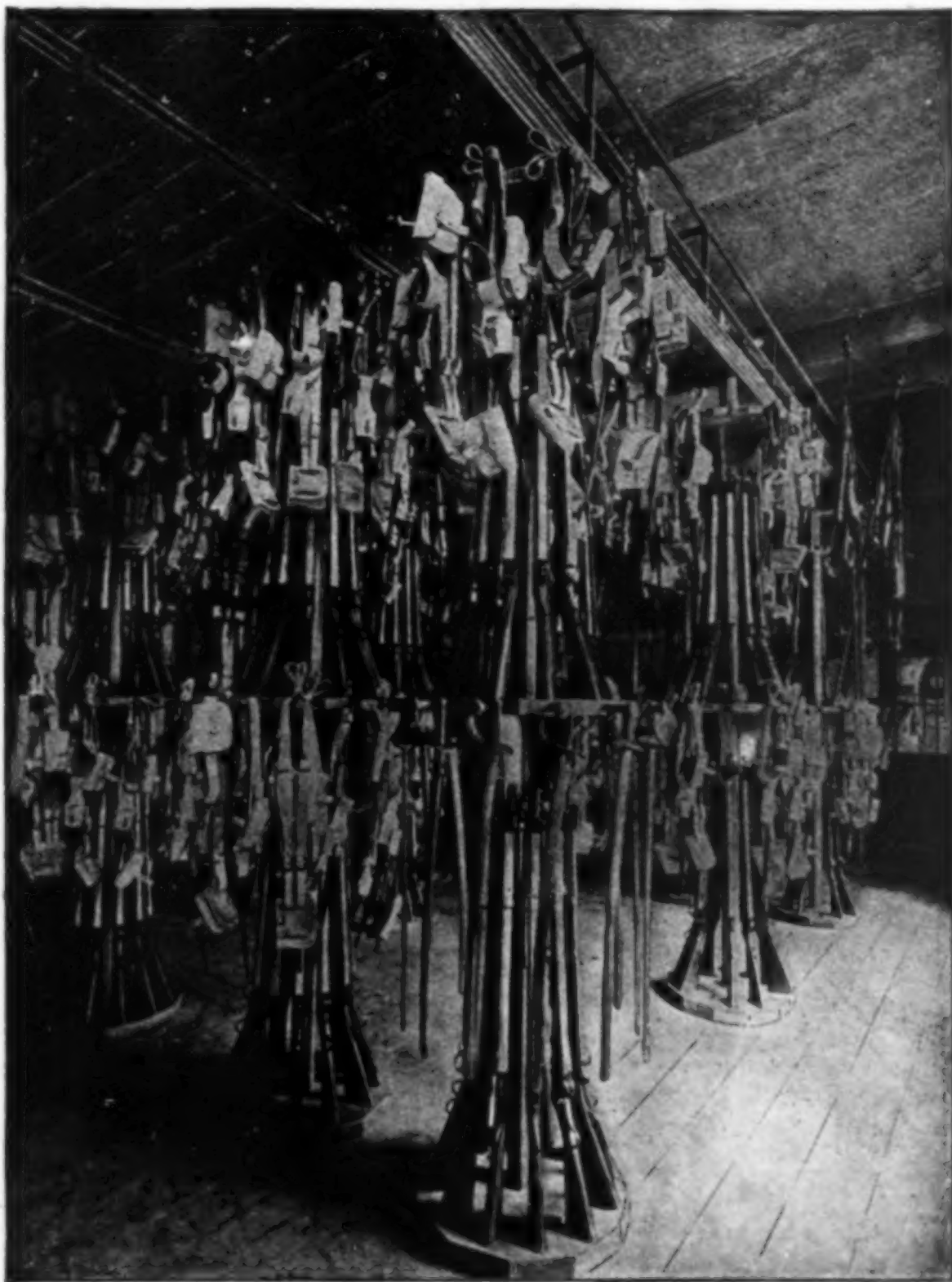
THE COURT ROOM.



THE HARNESS ROOM.

considerable delay, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was appointed, and continued Captain General until his death, 1830. The year 1779 was remarkable for the numerous changes made in some of the ancient customs of the Company. The previous year they escorted the Lord Mayor for the last time in consequence of a misunderstanding with Lord Mayor

tion of its officers; an attempt to form a plague-pit in the grounds was prevented, although, according to popular tradition, one of the largest was made in the vicinity of the ground. During the great fire of London the Company was more fortunate, little injury was done to the headquarters beyond the walls being slightly damaged. The title "Honourable" first appears in the Company's books in 1685, but it does not seem to have been generally adopted until years afterwards. In the year 1638 a branch, or second battalion, of the Company was formed in America by Robert Keayne and other members of the Company, who had emigrated to New England. This corps is the oldest military body in America, and to-day flourishes as the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, Massachusetts. By the death of George II. the Company lost its Captain General, and after



THE ARMOURY.



Kennett, who declined their services. The celebrated March to Baums was held for the last time on the 12th of August, the Prince of Wales' birthday, which continued to be the principal field-day of the year until 1820. The drills, or exercises, which had annually been held as far back as the records of the Company extend, were also held for the last time. In the following year the Gordon Riots broke out; and, consequently, no drills or field-days took place. In 1781, great reforms were introduced.

The Company was organised into a battalion of six companies, including a Grenadier Light Infantry Company; the titles of General, Lieutenant-General and Major General were abolished, and those of Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major were adopted instead; and a detailed description of the uniform to be worn was issued. Field-days for drills were organised; a meeting for ball practice was held; and on the 12th day of August the Lord Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation, presented the Company with two field pieces for their services during the terrible Gordon Riots, which resulted in the formation of the present Artillery division. On the 15th of September, 1784, the first balloon went up in England from the Artillery Grounds; the ascent was made by Vincent Lunardi in the presence of an enormous crowd, including the Prince of Wales and his suite. The Toxophilite Society, which had been formed in 1781, applied to be admitted members of the corps; in 1784 the request was complied with, and they formed a separate corps known as the Archers' division.



Photo. by]

LT.-COL. THE EARL OF DENBIGH

[Barraud

In consequence of the numbers falling off, the Corps was disbanded. The Toxophilite Society, however, still holds its own, and to-day is domiciled in the Archers' Lodge, Regent's Park. The Artillery Company, from a very early period of their existence, were adepts in the use of the bow, and practised regularly in Finsbury Fields, over which they had a right to shoot, and did so until 1792. In 1776, in consequence of the owners of the fields removing some of the ancient landmarks, they were

ordered to replace them; this led to serious trouble, which came to a crisis in 1782. On the 25th of October, the Company, on their annual march, finding the gate locked and chained, forced their way through. Matters appear to have been in abeyance until the 12th of August, 1786, when the Company repeated their performance, and at last succeeded in asserting their rights; but the ground was soon built over. Some of the old stone marks are, however, still preserved. As a matter of fact, the use of the Artillery Company's property has always been a source of dispute. The Company disputed the rights of the Militia to use their grounds, and so determined were they in the matter that they petitioned the House and drew up an address to the Prince of Wales. After a lengthened and hard-fought struggle, which it would not interest our readers to go into, the Court of Common Council made the following terms with the Company. Instead of the Armoury House being used by the Militia, a piece of ground near Bunhill Gate was granted to

them. It was agreed that the Militia embodied, should have the exclusive use of the Artillery Ground four days a week, and every alternate Sunday; and when not embodied, for twenty-eight days a year for the purpose of training. The Company were to have the exclusive right of the ground on the Birthday, Accession and Coronation Days of the reigning Sovereign, and also on the Birthday of the Prince of Wales, or Captain General, each body to pay their own costs. In May, 1800, all being concluded, the Militia were admitted and continue to use the ground to the present day on the foregoing terms.

A clause in the original lease, which has been continued in those since granted, forbids the Company to use the ground except for themselves to

exercise, and the trained bands of the city. Consequently the Company has to refuse applications from the Military and Volunteers alike. The year 1797 witnessed a great revival of the Volunteer movement, and plans for defence against a French invasion were drawn up and prepared at the Horse Guards. In 1799, King George III. held



REV. W. ROGERS, M.A., CHAPLAIN.
Photo. by] [H. S. Mendelssohn.

the first Volunteer Review in Hyde Park; it was on the occasion of his birthday, the 4th of June, and upwards of eight thousand men were present; on this memorable occasion the Honourable Artillery Company requested the Prince of Wales to take the command. In an autograph letter, His Royal Highness stated that he had received the King's commands to receive His Majesty at the head of the Company. The strength of the corps

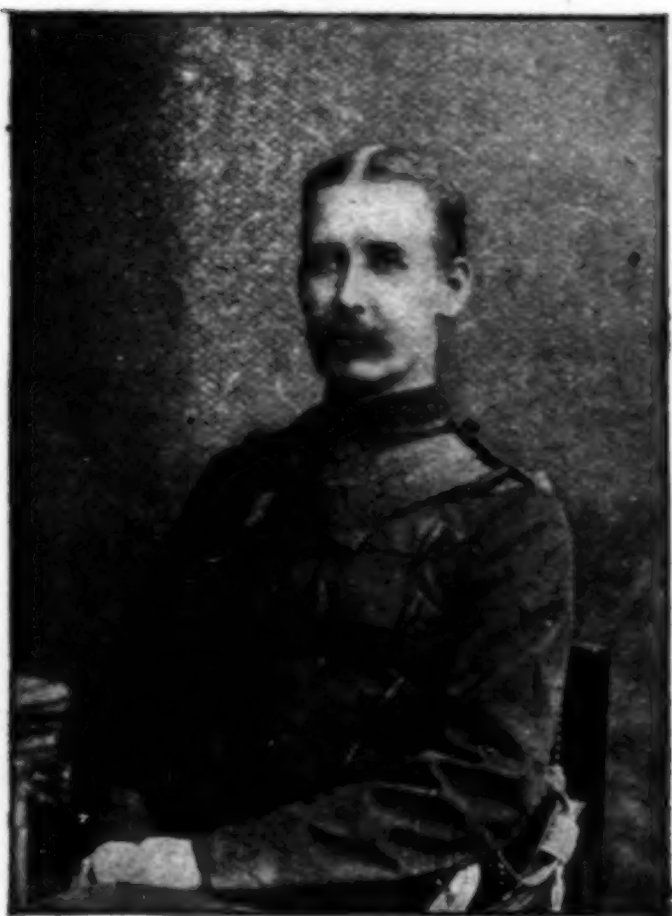


Photo. by] LT.-COL. RAIKES. [H. & R. Stiles.

has naturally been most flourishing in time of war; for example, from 1785 to 1793 the average number of members admitted in each year was less than a dozen; in 1794 they increased to ninety-two, and in 1798 to three hundred and twenty; after which the numbers again fell rapidly during the next four years to about twenty; and in 1802, when peace was concluded, to 7. On the outbreak of the war again in 1803, the largest number ever admitted to the Company in one year — seven hundred and twenty-six — was attained. After the Penin-

sular War, very few new members were admitted. In 1847 only twelve joined. The Chartist riots, however, brought in one hundred and fifty-four; the numbers falling again, the following year, to twenty-one. During the Crimean War, the number of admissions in each year varied from forty to ninety.



SURGEON-CAPTAIN REECE.
Photo. by] [S'earn, Cambridge.

In 1858 only twenty-two joined; but in 1859, two hundred and nineteen were admitted. It is an undoubted fact that the Honourable Artillery Company have proved themselves the only military force upon which the civil authorities could rely in times of emergency. They did splendid service in helping to quell the Gordon riots—in fact, their conduct during that terrible period gives ample evidence of their splendid military training.

Their opponents were no mean foes, and, although an undisciplined rabble, were made doubly formidable by passion inflamed by drink; perhaps no more graphic picture has ever been drawn of the sturdy citizen soldier of the latter end of the last century than was depicted by Charles Dickens in the character of "Gabriel Varden." We may safely take him as a type of the rank and file of the Honourable Artillery Company, which helped so materially to annihilate the horrible Frankenstein raised

by Lord George Gordon. In 1794, at the request of the Home Secretary, they were on duty in consequence of the disturbances caused by Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall and the Corresponding Society. In 1800, they were on active duty in consequence of the riots, caused by the high price of bread; and in

1810, they were again employed to preserve the peace on the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett being committed to the Tower by the House of Commons. In 1816, their services were called into requisition in consequence of threatening meetings held by distressed mechanics and discharged marines. During the great Reform agitation of 1819, and during the Trade Union struggles in 1834, they rendered good service to the State. The last time upon which they were actively engaged was during the Chartist disturbances in 1848. Needless to say they have repeatedly received the thanks of the Home Secretary, the Lord Mayor and others. In regard to the all-important matter of uniform and accoutrements, precise regulations were first drawn up in 1781, and in 1799 the officers were ordered to exchange the



CAPTAIN RICHARD BIRKETT.

Photo. by]

[Arthur Weston.



SERGEANT MAJOR GILROY.

Photo. by]

[Edward Smith.



Photo. by]

LIEUT. VARLEY. [Van der Weyde.

in 1799 the officers were ordered to exchange the

The Honourable Artillery Company has always been partial to gold lace. In 1821 both the artillery and the infantry were ordered to wear gold lace, which was continued till 1830, and the shako was substituted for the helmet. William IV. ordered a startling change to be made in the uniform in 1830, when he ordered the whole Company, including the artillery and the "yagers," to wear scarlet, the same as the Grenadier Guards, substituting silver for gold. As a proof of the unusual interest which he took in the appearance of the corps, we may mention the fact that he ordered his own tailor to make a pattern coat for his inspection. At the same time, he conferred upon them the privilege of wearing gold sashes for full dress. In 1842 the old flint-lock was discarded, and percussion muskets were used instead. The bearskin cap was adopted in 1855, and the coatee was replaced by the tunic in 1858, in which year Enfield rifles were supplied by Government. It is with pleasure that we chronicle the fact that the services of the Company have been utilised on the occasion of events of the highest importance in our national history. In 1714 they escorted His Majesty King George I. into London, on the day of his coronation, and in 1768 they furnished a guard of honour to the King of Denmark from the Temple to the Mansion House. The Honourable Artillery Company has always claimed a right to furnish a guard of honour to the Sovereign or Prince of Wales when visiting the City, and have done so on occasions too numerous to mention. They were present and under arms at Westminster on the occasion of the coronation of George IV., William IV. and Her Majesty the Queen. In 1843

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was appointed Captain General and Colonel, vice His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who died in April. The Prince Consort always took the most lively interest in the welfare of the corps, and strenuously upheld all their ancient privileges.

In 1860, a troop of Horse Artillery was formed; the expenses connected with it, however, were enormous, and it was finally disbanded in 1869. In 1861, the Light Cavalry Corps was created. The Company has been often styled, the City Household Brigade. It is entirely self-supporting, and does not accept any capitation grant from the Government, like volunteer corps. The pay, and cost of the clothing of the entire staff, which, in other corps is paid for by Government, is borne entirely by the Company. The exact rank of the company has given rise to much discussion: strictly speaking they are not volunteers, although they are usually classed as such. As a matter of fact, the Company is especially exempt from the provisions of the volunteer act of 1863, and has never been included in the

Mutiny or any other act, until some ten years ago, when a paragraph was introduced declaring that the expression "Volunteers" included the Honourable Artillery Company. However, it must be borne in mind that the Company always have power, under the Royal Warrants granted them, to assemble military courts for the trial of offending members and either to fine or expel them.

As we said before, to attempt to enumerate all the famous men who have been in the Company, would be impossible in the limited space at our disposal, we cannot, however, omit to mention the fact that



Photo. by]

A PRIVATE IN BEARSKIN. [Arthur Westo.]



ARTILLERY WAGON

at one time, the "People's Idol," John Wilkes, was a member, or that on June 2nd, 1635, John Milton was admitted a member of the corps, he being then in his 27th year. Many of the ancient customs are still maintained; the annual sermons already alluded to are still preached. The annual prize meeting is a recognised institution—the first prize of the value of twenty pounds, is annually presented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the total value of the prizes annually competed for, amounts to over five hundred pounds.

A stranger, looking at the massive iron gates at the south end of the City Road barracks, might be inclined to pass on, having little idea of what lies behind, but for the information on an unpretentious brass plate that it is the Head-quarters of the Honourable Artillery Company. Opening a small gate to the left, he would find himself in a broad, gravelled path, and, taking a few steps further, would see, to his left, the splendid drill-ground, six acres in extent, of this ancient regiment.

On the occasion of his visit it will, perhaps, look very peaceful, and quite unlike the training-ground of a warlike body. A regimental match of cricket, lacrosse, lawn-tennis or football may be in progress, presenting a very different aspect to that on such occasions as the Queen's birthday, when it can only be compared to the appearance of "Lord's" during a fashionable cricket fixture. Then the whole of the neighbourhood is *en fête*. Through the large gates stream a continuous line of coaches and carriages,

which are ranged round the ground, affording excellent sight-seeing positions for their owners. It is estimated that from four to five thousand persons attend this annual event. And to those who value the sight of a military pageant, the spectacle is probably unparalleled in London, except on the Horse Guards Parade.

The three arms of the regiment—the Horse Artillery, the Field Battery, and the Battalion of Infantry—are drawn up in the form of three sides of a square. The Batteries fire a Royal salute, the Infantry firing a *feu-de-joie*. The latter body then faultlessly carry out the impressive ceremony of trooping the colour; a special feature being the aid given by the splendid and renowned regimental band, under the direction of Mr. Frayling, whose record as a musician and a bandmaster stands very high. This is succeeded by the batteries executing the usual ceremonial exercises, always sure to elicit the enthusiastic cheers of the on-lookers.

The drill ground is famous as the spot from whence took place the first balloon ascent in England, by Vincent Lunardi, on September 15th, 1784, the event being witnessed by the then Prince of Wales. A very amusing print, representing the occurrence, is in the possession of the regiment. To the right of the drill-ground is the armoury house, the head-quarters of the corps. Built in 1735, it gives one more the idea of an old baronial hall than the head-quarters of a smart regiment of auxiliaries. Its external architecture is plain in the extreme; but once past the

doorway, a large and lofty entrance-hall leads to a broad, oak staircase. Left and right are the commodious and comfortable billiard and reading rooms, and farther on the guard room and the armoury, which, it is no exaggeration to state, is the most perfect of its kind. At the farther end is the drill-hall, one hundred and sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and used when the weather forbids open-air drills. It contains a Morris-tube range for rifle practice, and has adjoining it the harness-rooms, bath-rooms and the gun shed, containing eight R. M. L. nine-pounders, three ammunition waggons and two general service waggons.

In the drill-hall are held the Cinderella dances. On such occasions the entire appearance of the place is almost magically transformed. Mirrors adorn the walls; ferns are tastefully arranged in every direction; strings of innumerable miniature glow-lamps, of every conceivable colour, artistically hang from end to end; while the smart toilets of the ladies, and the brilliant scarlet and blue uniforms of their gallant partners lend an indescribable charm to the scene, long remembered by all who have had the pleasure of participating at these well-known functions.

Passing up the staircase, where the figure of a cavalier in armour keeps perpetual guard, we see the great hall, used for regimental suppers, meetings, etc. In it are oil paintings of many past commanders of the corps, the most prominent being the late Prince Consort, appointed Captain-General and Colonel August 30th, 1843; and the Prince of Wales, appointed to the same post July 24th, 1863. Hanging round are a number of very old flags, some of them held together with difficulty, but all guarded and carefully tended, and each having great historic interest. Adorning the walls are pikes, halberds, ancient armour and antiquated muskets, all classified and arranged in a strikingly military and methodical manner. Adjoin-

ing the great hall is the court room, used by the court of assistants for transacting the civil business of the corps, an excellently appointed canteen, members' dressing rooms and officers' rooms.

The regiment consists of a Battery of Horse Artillery, a Battery of Field Artillery, and a battalion of Infantry, comprising six companies. The uniform of the Horse Artillery is very similar to that of Hussars; that of the Field Battery practically identical with field batteries of the Regulars, except the head-dress, which is a busby, instead of a helmet; and the



HORSE ARTILLERYMAN.

Infantry are indistinguishable from the Grenadier Guards, except for the silver lace on their scarlet tunics. Indeed, it would require a very keen judge to detect any difference in appearance between either arm of the regiment and their counterparts in the Regulars. In fact, the Infantry never mount a guard of honour but they are mistaken for Guardsmen.

Here it may be permissible to correct one or two generally prevalent errors with regard to membership in the Honourable Artillery Company. It is an almost uni-

versally accepted idea that joining the regiment is financially prohibitive to any but the fairly wealthy. It has been asserted that to maintain membership entails an annual outlay of fifty pounds. This is an absurd fiction. The annual subscription is but two guineas. On joining the Horse Artillery recruits pay fourteen pounds; for the Field Battery, ten pounds; and for the Infantry the same amount. For this sum complete uniforms are supplied, which become the property of the member on his attaining efficiency; arms and accoutrements are supplied by the regiment. These are absolutely the only charges, even the entrance fee being suspended; and when one considers the immense advantages of membership, the subscription of two guineas is ridiculously reasonable. To those who desire a thorough knowledge of practical volunteering, combined with a good physical education, and exceptional opportunities for cricket, football and lawn-tennis, almost in the heart of the city, the regiment appears to be unusually helpful.

The Right Hon. Lieut.-Colonel the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, commanding the Honourable Artillery Company, formerly served in the Royal Artillery and in the Royal Horse Artillery, and was on active service in the brief but brilliant Egyptian campaign of 1882. As a subaltern, his lordship, then Viscount Feilding, was, with his field battery, almost on the left of the line of forty-two guns that formed the Artillery Corps in the memorable night-march before the

battle of Tel-el-Kebir. When dawn broke, no sooner was the Infantry assault delivered and the first trenches gained, than Lord Feilding's battery, finding a favourable opening in the trenches, successfully took five out of the six guns through. One gun had to be left behind, through smashing a wheel in the attempt to get over the parapet. The remaining five were immediately galloped on, without any escort of infantry or cavalry to protect them; now and again stopping to clear away crowds of the enemy who were continually gathering in their front, entrenching themselves in formidably constructed earthworks.

After a two mile gallop, they found themselves on a hill overlooking Arabi's camp, in which were three trains containing stores, ammunition, etc., and into which regiments of the Egyptian soldiers were crawling, for the purpose of executing a strategic movement to the rear. The trains were just moving off, one or two shots had been fired by the Battery in the hope of blocking the line, and gaining time to effect their capture, when Lord Feilding took charge of one of his guns, and after most carefully "laying" it himself, sent a shell into a truck filled with ammunition in the centre of the second train, just as it had reached the cutting and was steaming away. The truck exploding, the train was severed in two, and the British cavalry coming up at this moment, the three trains and all their belongings were opportunely captured.

Lord Feilding's handling of the gun



Photo. by]

A GROUP OF OFFICERS, CHATHAM, 1893.

[Arthur Weston.

was marked by such a dash, determination and skill, as to win the unstinted admiration of veteran Artillery officers. Throughout the campaign his lordship always possessed that unexplainable magnetic power of inspiring those under his command with a thorough and unflinching confidence in his methods, no matter what the circumstances. Lord Feilding served in India in 1885 and 1886, with a Battery of Horse Artillery.

Since succeeding to the regimental command, the corps has shown a marked improvement in drill, discipline and smartness; while Lord Denbigh has, by his dignified and soldier-like bearing, thoroughly endeared himself to all ranks, and has already attained a popularity second to no previous commander.

Lieut-Colonel Raikes, F.S.A., F.R.S.S., F.R.S.L., F.R. His. Soc., Corresponding Member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society; Author of "Historical Records of the First Regiment of Militia," and "History of the Honourable Artillery Company," has the unusual honour of holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel in two auxiliary regiments—the Honourable Artillery Company and the 3rd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment. Belonging to the veteran company of the former, from 1879 to 1884, he acted as their captain instructor of musketry, and at present is vice-president of the company, and chairman of the estate and finance committee. Lieut-Colonel Raikes is as well known for his literary achievements as his thorough and practical grasp of military matters, and, whenever the future history of the regiment is written, it will be found that no name is more honoured, for the corps has found no stauncher or truer friend, than the author of the "History of the Honourable Artillery Company."

The Rev. William Rogers, M.A., Rector



[Photo by]

IN CAMP, SHORNCLIFFE.

[Arthur Weston.]

of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; Prebendary of St. Paul's; and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; has been regimental chaplain since February, 1877. The name of the Rev. W. Rogers has long been a household word far beyond the confines of his parochial labours. Like the Rev. S. A. Barnett, his liberal-minded actions, his philanthropy, and his efforts to succour and intellectually raise all classes have caused his name to be revered by thousands who have never had the opportunity of being in his company. That he is proud of his chaplaincy and of his regiment goes without saying, and the most youthful and earnest recruit could not take a greater interest in its doings, its progress, and its welfare than is evinced by its venerable chaplain.

Lieutenant L. R. C. Boyle formerly served in the Royal Navy, in the West Indies, South America, Channel and India. Having passed for lieutenant in seamanship, navigation and gunnery, he resigned his commission. Although, strictly speaking, holding no permanent staff appointment, Lieutenant Boyle invariably acts as battalion adjutant—a most difficult and arduous post, and, in other regiments, one always filled by an experienced regular officer. Notwithstanding, Lieutenant Boyle fulfils the duties, under the most trying conditions, in a manner impossible to improve. Whether the regiment be taking part in a review, participating in a big field-day, or

undergoing the exacting ordeal of an annual inspection, the General Commanding usually has an appreciative word for the manner in which the multifarious duties of the battalion adjutant are carried out.

Surgeon-Captain R. J. Reece, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.C.A., D.P.H. (Eng.), of the Horse Artillery, is a member of Downing College, Cambridge. He there took several degrees: B.A. (honours in the Natural Science Tripos), the M.B. and the B.S.; was house surgeon and ophthalmic house surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; served in the "Artists' " R.V.; and subsequently in the Medical Staff Corps, there rising to the rank of captain. His company, though composed

of "non-medicals," was the most efficient in every way, holding the regimental challenge shield during the entire period of his command. Resigning his commission for the purpose of joining the Honourable Artillery Company, he was enrolled as a private, making his way upwards. Last year Dr. Reece was appointed

Medical Officer of Health to the Port of London, under Dr. Collingridge, and dealt with the cases of cholera brought up the Thames on boats; and this year was appointed a Medical Inspector of the Local Government Board, and is now "inspecting" in the Welsh district on the cholera survey. A smarter officer and more solicitous doctor is not to be found in the Service.

Captain Frank B. Bell, commanding the Field Battery, is now in his eighteenth year of service in the Honourable Artillery Company. He is one of four brothers in that arm, and all as good soldiers in their respective ranks of gunner, driver, and quartermaster-sergeant as the captain is in his. He joined

when the Artillery Arm was a very weak unit of the regiment; worked hard through every grade until he obtained his commission in 1882, since when the battery has steadily gained in strength and efficiency. It has continued advancing, and was never in such a satisfactory condition as under its present commander. Captain Bell is the life and soul of his battery, and whatever rank he held he has always shown, both by precept and example, to those fortunate enough to serve under him, whether the task be hard or light, pleasant or distasteful, a whole-heartedness and an enthusiasm in his work, and a thorough mastery of its details which are the essentials of the successful soldier.

Regimental Sergt.-Major W. F. Gilboy

joined the Royal Artillery in 1871, and has been a non-commissioned officer over twenty-one years. He served as sergeant-instructor and as quartermaster-sergeant-instructor on the staff of the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness. The instructors at Shoeburyness are selected from the very best of those



Photo. by]

A SENTRY BOX.

[Arthur Weston.

who pass the long course of gunnery, and are undoubtedly the elite of the non-commissioned officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. He is in possession of: First-class Army School Certificate; first-class Certificate, Long-course of Gunnery (Special Mention); first-class Certificate, Short-course of Gunnery (Special Mention); first-class Certificate, Laboratory Course of Gunnery (Special Mention); Certificate as Qualified Assistant Instructor in Army Signalling; Certificate from the School of Musketry, Hythe, obtained at Special course for officers of the auxiliary forces, December, 1889. He was appointed acting Regimental Sergeant-Major by H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, in 1889, and has

only recently been confirmed in his appointment by the Prince of Wales, on H. R. H.'s re-appointment as Captain-General and Colonel.

No man is better liked or more respected than Sergeant-Major Gilboy, and while he is gratified that his splendid term of service should continue with such an ancient corps, the regiment is no less proud to number among them one who, in any capacity, would be an acquisition to whatever corps he might serve with.

Second Lieutenant F. E. Varley, Instructor of Musketry, is one of the youngest shots in the battalion, but has a very promising career before him as a marksman. He really only commenced target shooting in 1889, since when his successes have been rapid and frequent. Last year at Bisley Lieutenant Varley was second in the "Secretary for War Competition," with the M. B. L., and this year was only one point out for the *Daily Graphic* prize. At the recent Middlesex meeting he was top in the Bronze Medal Competition with ninety-six, and at this year's Bisley easily won the Lancaster two-barrel pistol contest. He has been a leading shot of that crack club, the South London Rifle Club, in their struggles against the North London Rifle Club.

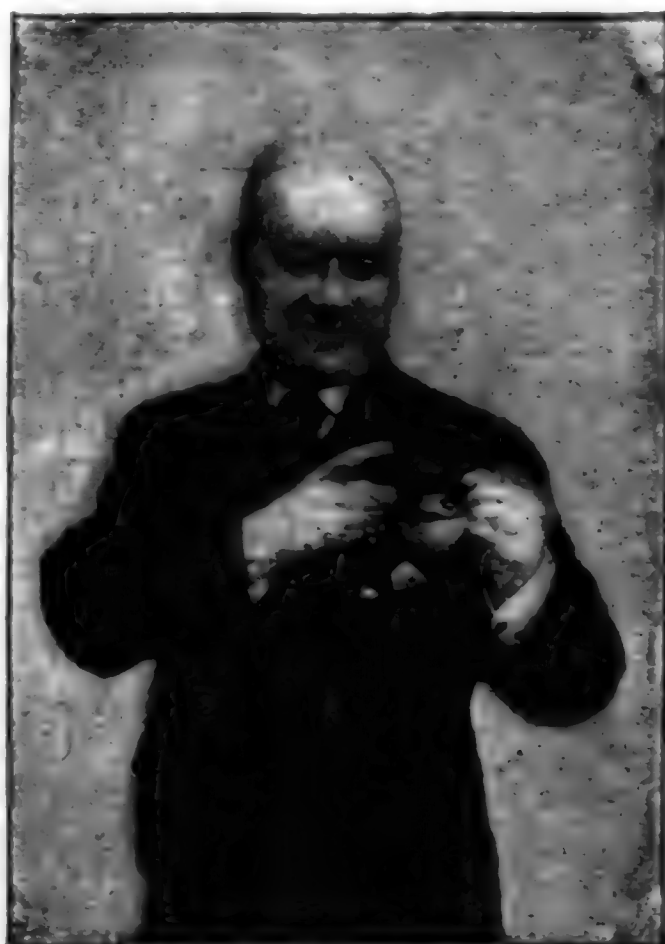
E. Waldegrave Brodie, Esq., Secretary of



AT DRILL.

the Honourable Artillery Company, represents the civil administration of the regiment. He served in the army in the 4th and the 1st battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, in which he became captain, and of the 1st battalion of which he was Adjutant. He was on active service in Afghanistan in 1880 and 1881, then being Superintendent of Heliographic Signaling on the staff of General Sir Robert Bright, commanding the Khyber Line Force, and took part in all the actions in which that force was engaged. In 1882 and 1883 he was adjutant of the 1st Punjaub Rifle Volunteers, and during that time most gallantly, and at great personal risk, saved the life of a brother officer.

We regret the unavoidable absence from our portraits of representative officers, of the adjutant, Captain Labalmondiere, R.A., Major F. J. Stohwasser, Senior Infantry officer, and Major W. H. Baker.



"H. P." (A GENERAL FAVOURITE.)
Photo. by [Arthur Weston.]



*Being
Travellers'
Tales
of
Strange Perils.*

By
C. J. MANSFORD,
B.A.,
Author of "*Shafts
from an
Eastern Quiver,*" etc.

II. SOME HINDOOS AND A DIAMOND.

"YOUR story reminds me of a curious adventure I once had in India," said a square-set, dark man, whose heavy, black beard was streaked with grey. "Not that there is any similarity between the adventures, for they are, as you will easily understand when mine has been told, of a quite different character. Mine concerns a certain Ahmed Sind, a Hindoo, whom I became acquainted with under very peculiar circumstances.

"I was leaning over the taffrail of the *Eastern Star* one summer night, watching the play of the waters in the moonlight, which turned the track of the vessel into a wide belt of silver, when someone plucked me by the sleeve. I turned suddenly, and glanced into the face of the man who had disturbed my reverie. He was a Hindoo,

spare of frame, and rather above the middle height, his bronzed features showing to great advantage when contrasted, as they were, with the spotless white turban which he wore. Once or twice I had noticed the Hindoo in the smoking saloon of the ship, where frequently he sat, watching the various games of chance or skill in which the male passengers indulged each night.

"'You are Mr. George Thompson,' he said to me, in remarkably good English, although I could detect a foreign accent as he spoke. I made a gesture of assent. 'You are visiting India for pleasure?' he continued, uttering the words so that they formed a question. Knowing of no reason why my purpose in shipping to Bombay should be considered a secret, I unhesitatingly replied:

"'Not at all, I am going to Bombay to superintend the raising of the



"I TURNED SUDDENLY."

City of Delhi, which ship, you may be aware, collided in the harbour, and went down at dead of night.'

" 'No one on board her being saved,' the Hindoo added, by way of comment.

" 'It was a very strange affair; but, so far as I know, everyone went down with her,' I assented.

" 'And the ship that collided with the *City of Delhi*, what became of her?' he asked.

" 'I am a little surprised that you should ask the question,' I answered, blowing the ash from my cigar.

" 'May I ask you why my question appears strange?' the Hindoo queried.

" 'Simply because you are a Hindoo and I am an Englishman,' I retorted; 'naturally you take more interest in the affairs of Bombay than I do, and consequently, I thought you would know that the second colliding ship was not discovered.'

" 'That is a remarkable fact, don't you think?' he asked significantly.

" 'Perhaps in my own country it would appear so, but we never take enough interest in what occurs abroad to hunt up minute details. All I know is that the *City of Delhi* went down and that she is to be raised; which accounts for my presence on board this vessel.'

" 'It will cost a great deal to raise the *City of Delhi*.'

" 'It cost a larger sum by far to build her,' I answered, having no intention to put my questioner in possession of the details.

" 'You will take no active part in the work itself,' the Hindoo went on; 'being at the head of affairs, you will only watch their progress, while the actual labour will be carried on by your subordinates.'

" 'I am not above lending a hand when necessary; although, of course, as you say, others do the main part of the manual labour. However before the ship is raised, there is certain preliminary work to be done, in which I shall most certainly join. For instance, I shall go down with the

divers myself, and personally examine the position in which the ship lies there; a matter of forty or fifty feet below the surface of the water.'

" I saw the Hindoo give a little start of surprise, which he endeavoured to hide by abruptly changing the subject.

" 'It is a grand night,' he said shortly.

" 'Quite a relief after the heat of the day,' I replied, moving away to go below. The Hindoo followed me as I went down the stairway of the ship, which was spacious, for the *Eastern Star* was one of the best passenger ships afloat. I passed on to my cabin, but had scarcely closed the door when I heard someone knocking, or rapping, against it with their knuckles. Who could it be? I wondered, for the hour was nearly midnight. I shot the bolt of the door back, and in came my unexpected visitor. The cabin, I may observe, was really intended for three passengers, having two bunks and a couch, but, desiring privacy, I had secured its sole use.

" 'Sit down,' I urged, not very cordially however, I must confess, when I saw that my visitor was the Hindoo. I felt too tired to discuss the raising of the *City of Delhi* with him, that being the purpose, I concluded, for which he was paying me an unsolicited visit.



" 'SIT DOWN,' I URGED."

“‘To-morrow we disembark, let that be my excuse for intruding,’ he said suavely, watching my face in the dull flicker of the swinging lamp; ‘and before you and I part, I have something to say to you—something important.’

“‘You have left it pretty late, then,’ I replied. ‘We hope to get into the harbour within ten hours of now. It was quite a chance I went on deck for a few minutes before coming down here to turn in. To-morrow I shall be busy.’

“‘You begin your work so soon?’ he queried; ‘then I am, indeed, only just in time.’

“‘What concern is my business of yours?’ I asked. ‘We have been on this ship together for weeks, and yet you wait till almost the last minute before you seek my acquaintance.’

“‘That is not my fault, I assure you,’ he replied. ‘Until five minutes before I spoke to you I had no idea that the one to whom the raising of the *City of Delhi* had been entrusted was on board. You changed your ship!’

“‘I was completely astonished by the Hindoo’s last words, and more so by the tone in which he uttered them.

“‘What have my movements to do with you?’ I asked; ‘we are total strangers; yet you have a knowledge of them that I do not understand.’

“‘It is true, then, that you did change your ship?’ he persevered, waiting for my answer with a show of indifference which I could see he was far from feeling.

“‘Yes, I booked out by the *Queen of the Ganges*, and then came by the ship we are now upon.’

“‘You see I know a little about you,’ he remarked; ‘but you may be quite assured that my knowledge, such as it is, has not been gained either owing to idle curiosity or for any evil purpose.’

“‘That may be so; I don’t know. It may be customary for Orientals to be spied upon, and they may consequently not resent it. Personally I object to anything of the sort, and you may as well understand that—it will save you some unpleasant consequences.’

“‘When you know what my motive has been, you will be less disposed to utter threats, such as is conveyed by that remark,’ the Hindoo went on.

“‘Then speak out and let me know what it is you want,’ I replied.

“‘Why did you not come out to Bombay by the *Queen of the Ganges*?’

“‘For no other reason than that I missed the vessel. There was a slight railway accident, and the consequent delay made me reach Southampton too late, for the vessel had started. I secured a berth on the *Eastern Star*, where I have apparently been watched by you, for what reason you best know.’

“‘I suppose what you say is a correct account of your transfer from ship to ship, but when I tell you that someone is on board the *Queen of the Ganges*, and there for the sole purpose of consulting you on a matter concerning largely your own safety, you will quite understand my surprise at finding you on this vessel. I chanced to hear your name—the rest I have learnt from you.’

“‘It makes very little difference to me, I assure you, whether you believe my account of how I came to travel by this ship or not; if you have nothing more important than that to discuss, perhaps you will be good enough to consider our conversation at an end.’

“‘You would repent it till your last hour if you did not hear what is the real reason of this untimely visit. It concerns the sunken ship, the *City of Delhi*.’

“‘You seem to take considerable interest in her,’ I said; ‘may I ask why?’

“‘You shall be answered,’ the Hindoo replied. ‘Let me briefly recall our conversation on deck. We are both aware that the vessel went down in the harbour of Bombay, where, with ordinary precautions, no such accident need have happened. Don’t you think it a remarkable fact, that the colliding ship was never discovered. Such accidents damage both ships to a certain extent, as a matter of course.’

“‘What do you infer from that?’ I asked, for the Hindoo’s earnest tone began to interest me, in spite of the natural indignation which I felt at being watched.

“‘It is no mere matter of inference,’ he answered. ‘I was out in the Bay in a small boat at the time, and I saw what happened. It may assist you considerably in your task to know what took place; have I your word that you will treat what I wish to say as confidential until the *City of Delhi* is raised; then my words will be abundantly proved.’

“‘I signified my assent to this, and the Hindoo continued.

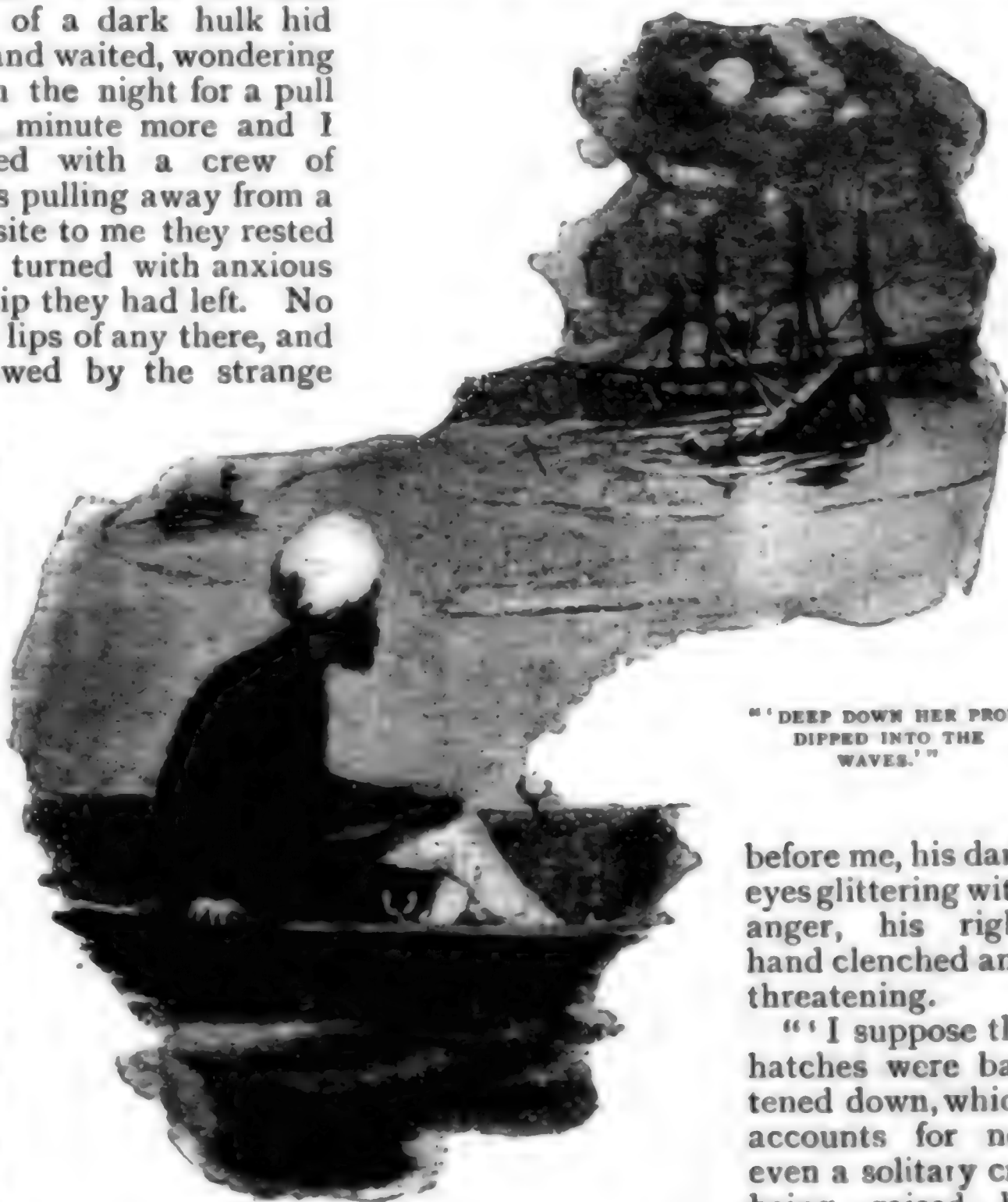
"It was a close, hot night; on land or sea there was scarcely a breath of air; I was poling my boat along in the shallow, just where the white houses run down almost to the harbour wall; white and misty, with a pall of heat obscuring its outline, rose Malabar hill on the right. Round me as I stirred the waters, fell the shadows of the maze of shipping in the harbour. Suddenly I heard the plashing of oars, muffled and subdued. I drew in close where the shadow of a dark hulk hid me, and I watched and waited, wondering who else had chosen the night for a pull in the harbour. A minute more and I saw a boat crowded with a crew of Hindoos and Malays pulling away from a ship. Almost opposite to me they rested on their oars, then turned with anxious faces towards the ship they had left. No word came from the lips of any there, and I seemed almost awed by the strange silence, when, just as the moon broke through the ragged, threatening sky, the steersman rose and pointed towards the ship. She drifted slowly out into mid-harbour, shivered like a sentient thing, then deep down her prow dipped into the waves and she was gone; I heard the suck of the waters she dragged after her, and felt the boat beneath me rock, then the harbour became placid, and without one word, the seamen, with strange glances each at each, drew their boat away till they reached another vessel. Over the side of the latter, a rope ladder was flung, and after lashing the boat so as to be able to raise it, the seamen climbed up; the boat was hauled up, and I was alone on the waters once more. I ask you then, did that ship, the *City of Delhi*, have fair play? Wasn't it plain that no ship could have marks of colliding with her when *that* happened; not a passenger aboard was saved out of those who were on their way to Calcutta from there, and who had

only been on the ship a few hours. Do you understand me now?"

"You mean that, for some reason, there was foul play on the part of the captain and his crew?"

"Yes, I say that the *City of Delhi* never had fair play; I tell you she was scuttled; I swear it!"

The Hindoo rose from the couch on which he had seated himself and stood



"DEEP DOWN HER PROW
DIPPED INTO THE
WAVES."

before me, his dark eyes glittering with anger, his right hand clenched and threatening.

"I suppose the hatches were battened down, which accounts for not even a solitary cry being raised by

anyone on board the ill-fated vessel. There is one question I should like to ask you, and it is this—What could be the motive for such a crime?" I questioned.

"That is exactly what I wish to speak to you about, Mr. Thompson. Let us go back to a question I asked you on deck—does it cost much to raise a ship like the *City of Delhi*?"

"It is an expensive process, certainly, but when a vessel lies in the harbour, as you are aware this one does, it constitutes a danger to shipping."

"'Not when she lies so many feet below the surface,' replied the Hindoo promptly; 'besides, if that were the case, why has the vessel not been destroyed by dynamite—that is the usual method employed by the divers under such circumstances. Can you explain? You made a public tender for the raising of the vessel, did you not?'"

"'The firm did,' I answered; 'which is the custom usually.'"

"'Do you happen to know why your tender was accepted?'"

"'I suppose it was the lowest,' I answered, not understanding the drift of the question.

"'So far from being the lowest, your tender was actually the highest.'"

"'Then I suppose there are special reasons for the work being done thoroughly—no doubt the *City of Delhi* is a well-built vessel and of proportional value.'"

"'I wouldn't give a hundred pounds for her; she looked well enough, but the

vessel was only fit to break up. Can you understand now why her owners are so anxious to raise the ship?'"

"'You puzzle me completely—perhaps you are acquainted with the reason.'"

"'The reason is probably more extraordinary than the apparently motiveless crime of scuttling the *City of Delhi*.'"

"'You have aroused my curiosity,' I said. 'As you know the cause of the ship foundering, perhaps you will let me hear what lies hidden behind that disaster. No one shall hear from me the secret, if secret it is, unless, as you say, the vessel is raised; then, I understand, no further concealment will be necessary.'"

"The Hindoo moved to the door and examined the bolt. As if not satisfied with that precaution, he cautiously withdrew it and threw the door open. No one was there. He placed his forefinger on his lip to enjoin silence, and stood there listening. Nothing disturbed the silence of the hour except the swash of the waves as they struck the side of the ship. After standing there for a few minutes, he gave a sigh of relief and thrust the door to, saying, as he shot the bolt carefully:

"'You complain that I have watched you, which is not true, but I—I am watched every hour of the day! Besides myself, there are other Hindoos on board, and just then, when I went to the cabin door, I could have sworn that someone was listening outside. We Hindoos have keen hearing, and, to one who hears it frequently, the sound of naked feet is rarely to be confused with any other movement; it is distinct, and I cannot believe myself mistaken.'"

"'I cannot be of much use in confirming or contradicting what you say,' I answered. 'Those of us who pass much of our time among machinery are



"HE STOOD THERE LISTENING."

usually a little deaf. Certainly I heard nothing.'

"You shall hear why I became nervous at that sound. The persons who are interested in the raising of the *City of Delhi* have a secret which they do not wish you to know. They bought the wreck as salvage, including everything contained in it, after having been the prime movers in the vessel's destruction. They have displayed considerable skill in elaborating their scheme, which has signally failed, as they will presently discover when the vessel is raised.'

"The Hindoo unswathed the turban which was wound about his head, and drew something out from its numerous folds.

"What is your opinion of that?' he asked, holding out the object for my inspection. I took it from him and held it close to the swinging lamp. A blaze of light shot from the stone I held there, its colour a dazzling white.

"Why!' I cried in astonishment; 'this is an enormous Brazilian diamond!'

"You are right,' he said, with a smile, as he caught sight of my face, which plainly indicated my excitement. 'For that stone the *City of Delhi* was sunk and her passengers drowned; for that stone the vessel has been bought, and you are engaged to raise her. But they have fallen into their own trap, for the stone they seek is in your hand.'

"How has it come about?' I asked.

"The matter is simple enough. I am Rajah of Burdwan, and this diamond came to me by inheritance. It had been badly cut and I sent it in charge of a Hindoo to Europe to be re-cut at a well-known establishment. He seems to have been followed by another Hindoo, who managed to see the diamond in its finished state, and who secured a crystal of remarkable purity. This latter was carefully cut and diamond-faced to resemble the real stone; and my servant, on arrival at Bombay, was bribed with half a lac of rupees to substitute the crystal for the gem. He took the rupees, but, being an old servitor of my family, he tricked the other Hindoo, for he managed to change the stones again. At Bombay he left the vessel, having with him the diamond which you now hold, since I had arranged for him to join my retinue there. The Hindoo who was left in the vessel, and in whose possession was the crystal,



"A BLAZE OF LIGHT SHOT FROM THE STONE."

had been enjoined to take the treasure to Calcutta. There was no intention of allowing him to do so, for they thought it best to silence him. The vessel was sunk and with it the Hindoo went down, the supposed diamond being contained in a box screwed fast to his cabin floor. When the real diamond safely reached me I watched the plot to its end, but dared to say nothing about the scuttling of the ship. This fact they will try to hide, and it is one to which I specially wanted your attention called. Afterwards I went to Europe to see if I really had the diamond, for its counterfeit is said to be a remarkable stone. Satisfied on that point, I am returning to Bombay with my treasure; knowing the difficulty, in spite of the utmost precautions being taken, of keeping the real gem as my own, I have not suffered it to leave my possession since. You will understand, then, that I wish to prevent them from getting hold of the crystal even. It would be disposed of as a genuine stone, so perfectly has it been faced, and that is why I sent someone on the *Queen of the Ganges* to try to explain matters to you. You missed your ship and fortunately I discovered you on mine. The fact that you will descend with the divers simplifies matters.'

"He drew from his pocket a scrap of paper and quickly sketched a plan of the sleeping-berths on board the sunken ship.

"The cross I have made there on the

paper indicates where the box is; a few strokes of a diver's axe and it will go to pieces. Fling out the crystal, and there the matter ends.'

"'I can rely upon the truth of all you have said?' I remarked, as the Rajah finished his singular story.

sound outside my cabin door? I glanced that way, and the Rajah, whose story proved most conclusively true, as I eventually found out, whispered nervously:

"'I am watched; they think they have the diamond and now they want my life!'



"I SAW A BARE ARM, WHICH TWINED ITSELF ROUND THE FELLOW'S NECK."

"You may, most implicitly; the captain will give you any substantiation of my position you may wish to ask for. Promise me that the crystal shall never come above the surface of the water.'

"I held out my hand. 'You may depend upon it,' I answered. Was it fancy, or did I at that moment hear some slight

He drew off the turban, in which he had again wrapped up the great diamond. 'Hide it; take care of it till morning for me.'

"I thought for a moment what to do with the gem. It occurred to me that perhaps the Hindoos, after all, suspected that the Rajah had the diamond even

then; if so, failing to get it from him, they might naturally conclude it was in my possession, seeing him leave my cabin at such a late hour. I unscrewed the wide top of the swinging lamp, which had an opaque vessel for containing the oil, and into this I dropped the diamond, screwing the top on again.

" 'It will not hurt it,' I said: 'to-morrow you can easily get it out. I will burn the lamp all through the night, so that no oil will be left.' The Rajah pressed my hand again, and then I opened the cabin door. No one could be seen. I stood there watching him as he went along, looking like a ghost in the dimly-lit way. Then I went into my cabin and closed the door. A second after I heard a sharp cry, which seemed to be forcibly stopped. Without arming myself in any way, I ran down the passage. The Rajah was lying on the floor, and two Hindoos were holding him down, while a third was trying to gag him with a turban!

" They heard the sound of my feet as I ran forward, whereupon the one who was trying to gag the Rajah rose suddenly and held up both hands, as if warning me not to advance. He moved leisurely towards me as if to bar the way. I struck at him with my fist, and sent him reeling against the ship's side, muttering some foreign oath or threat which did not concern me much. As soon as I reached the prostrate Rajah, who seemed to be lying quite still, one of the remaining Hindoos sprang at me, holding a longish knife in his right hand. I caught the descending blow on my left arm, where it ripped a piece completely out of my coat sleeve, but, fortunately, did me no actual harm beyond a slight graze.

" 'Back! Back!' the Hindoo hissed: 'back, or I kill you!'

" I saw that the fellows meant mischief for me as well as for the Rajah, and I made a rush for the knife. The Hindoo was too wary however; he stepped hastily back; then, as I missed my intended grip of the knife, he raised it above his head with a flash of the blade, that I watched and waited to ward off. Out of the darkness, behind the spot where the Hindoo stood menacing me, I saw a bare arm come, which twined itself round the fellow's neck, and dragged my assailant to the ground. It was a sailor who happened, as he afterwards told me, to be lying half asleep in his bunk, when,

hearing the sound of a scuffle, he crept cautiously up, with the result that the Hindoo's amiable intentions concerning myself were foiled.

" The remaining Hindoo precipitately fled after the one I had struck, and who had wisely withdrawn himself from the fray. The sailor disarmed the Hindoo he had seized, and gave him a resounding kick, which helped him on his way considerably to where his companions were waiting at a safe distance to know how he fared.

" I bent over the prostrate Rajah, who had been badly treated, and whose garb showed abundant signs of a severe struggle with the others before I had gone to his relief. We carried him to my own cabin, where he was placed on a couch. The sailor wished to rouse the captain, but I thought it best to wait and hear what the Rajah had to say when sufficiently recovered from his state of exhaustion. For some time he rested on the couch, gazing dreamily at me as I kept watch over him, for it seemed likely that the Hindoos would make yet another attempt upon the Rajah's property or life, for I could not quite decide which was the real motive for the attack.

" 'The diamond!' he cried, suddenly starting up; 'they have stolen it from me!'

" I smiled at the delusion. 'Not at all!' I answered, 'the diamond is safe enough in the lamp.'

" 'You saved my life,' he said, when the state of the affairs that had happened dawned fully upon him.

" 'I rather fancy that sailor saved mine,' I replied, 'there will be no sleep for either of us to-night; you had better remain here with me.' He thanked me with all that profuseness which is customary among Eastern races. Then to turn the subject, I asked:

" 'Do you wish the matter to be investigated, and the Hindoos punished, as they richly deserve to be?'

" He was silent for a minute, as if thinking the affair over. 'No, I am afraid that would only make matters worse than they are. There can be little doubt but that the Hindoos have been hired by the owners of the ship to make this attack upon me. Knowing, from the construction of the harbour that no difficulty will be experienced in overhauling the *City of Delhi*, they have fully counted on getting posses-

sion of the diamond, which, they think is in the sunken vessel. When they do so, however, a further difficulty they expect will arise. I may come forward and claim the diamond, stating how I have been tricked; to avoid this, my life has been attempted. The Hindoos are not likely, however, to make another attack upon me; the failure of the first will completely dishearten them.'

"I was not at all convinced by the Rajah's argument, and asked him:

"'You have to get to Burdwan, which is some distance from Calcutta; but to-morrow, we only reach Bombay, where we part company. How do you intend to cover the distance—by steamer, I suppose?'

"His reply was not what I expected by any means.

"'I shall not return to Burdwan for some time; possibly a year even. I intend to pay a visit to Ahmednugger, where I hope to get some sport with an old friend of my own.

"'And how do you propose reaching Ahmednugger?' I asked. For at that time railroads were far from complete in India.

"'First by rail, then by carriage; the remaining part of the journey, which lies through broken country, will be made by palanquin.'

"'You will have a large retinue of servants with you, of course!' I questioned.

"The Rajah smiled at my concern for his safety.

"'Probably six, certainly not more than eight, all of whom would most likely fling down the palanquin and leave me to face any danger that occurred single-handed. Your concern is, of course, about this diamond. It is just as safe now as it would be at Burdwan; its security depends on the good will of everyone of my followers; if they desert me at home, then the diamond will assuredly dis-

appear. I am accustomed to travel about almost alone; if I were to suddenly do otherwise I should be suspected, watched and robbed on the first suitable occasion.'

"'But your life!' I urged, 'are you not likely to lose it, if you expose yourself to danger, with such a gem as this in your possession?'

"I cannot avoid my fate,' he answered. 'As I have told you, I don't think the Hindoos will make another attempt upon my life. If they do, may Allah send me a friend in need, such as you have been.'

"I tried to persuade the Rajah to make a different plan, but without success. When morning came, I took the lamp down, and inverting it, the diamond fell out. After cleansing it, the Rajah folded it up again in his turban, wrapped the latter round his head, and soon after we had steamed into the harbour.

"I saw the round steep top of Malabar Hill, blue rather than white in the morning mist; the houses, some white and others reddish in colour, lay in front and to the left as we entered the harbour, but I had little time to wonder how it appeared at night, such as when the Rajah saw the *City of Delhi* go down. Boat after boat came out to meet us, their occupants densely crowding the deck; English officers, passengers, coolies refreshingly dressed in white, Parsis and Asiatics of every kind almost. In the confusion I lost sight of the Rajah without bidding him good-bye. So, on the deck of an outward



"I TRIED TO PERSUADE THE RAJAH."

bound vessel I met him first; the second time was a meeting that, with all my fears for his safety, I least of all anticipated.

"On landing, I lost no time in making the necessary preparations for the raising of the vessel, and had an interview with the salvage owners — three grave-looking Hindoos, who welcomed me and eagerly discussed my plans. Two days after I was ready to make an inspection of the sunken vessel. I was sitting under the verandah, reading the *Overland Summary* of the *Bombay Gazette*, when a Hindoo servant approached, and, after making a profound salaam, thrust into my hand a scrap of paper on which was scrawled the following message:

If you value your life, don't go down to examine the sunken ship; the diver is plotting against you.

AHMED SIND, *Rajah of Burdwan.*

"I called the man back, but he would say nothing beyond the fact that he had brought the message from the Rajah himself. I drew out my watch; it was quite early in the morning and was within half-an-hour of the time I had appointed for the boat to take myself and one of the divers out into the middle of the harbour. I had been so much taken up with my business matters that the Rajah's affairs had quite become forgotten when this note came as a rude awakener. What he had found out I could only conjecture. Fortunately one of the several divers engaged was an Englishman, and I felt proportionate confidence in him. He was not to go down with me on the occasion, the man appointed for the task being a Malay who had already had considerable experience as a diver. I determined that my purpose of examining the ship should be carried out, but that I would substitute the Englishman for the Malay, as a matter of precaution.

"I made my way to where the little steam launch was to be in readiness for those who were to assist in the carrying-out of the diving operations. It was not there! I heard a shout raised from mid-harbour, and saw one of the men beckoning me from the launch, which had already gone out to commence the work without me. I jumped into the nearest boat, caught up the oars and pulled hard till I reached the launch, on board of which I hastened. I met Jowett, the Englishman, first of anyone on board.

"'What does this mean, Jowett?' I asked. 'You have come out before time,' and I pulled out my watch, pointing to the hands as I added, 'there, even now you are a quarter of an hour beforehand.'

"'The launch was ready half an hour ago, Mr. Thompson. You remember that you told us to be aboard and put things straight before you came.'

"'Which is another thing from coming out into the middle of the harbour before you were told.'

"'But you did tell us,' Jowett persisted, with an uneasy glance at me.

"'Nothing of the sort, I tell you,' I replied; 'but there, we are wasting time. I only want one man to go down with me just to see exactly how the vessel lies. I told Matello, the Malay, he would be wanted, but I've changed my mind; I want you to come down with me, instead of him.'

"'It's too late to make that change now,' Jowett answered. 'I wonder you didn't tell Matello when you saw him a little while ago.'

"'Too late — when I saw Matello! What am I to understand from that? I haven't seen Matello since yesterday. Where is he?'

"Jowett pointed significantly over the side of the launch. 'You can see the tubes yourself, Mr. Thompson. Matello came down in a hurry this morning with word that you were too unwell to go under water, and that he was to go alone. He said you had asked him to report at once how the *City of Delhi* lay.'

"I began to put on my diving apparatus at once. 'As soon as I am down, get your own things on and follow me; say nothing to anyone, but keep a good watch. If anything unusual occurs, make careful note of it.'

"Jowett nodded as he helped me on with my leaden shoes, and then screwed the metal globe, into which my head was thrust, to the collar of copper attached to the neck of the indiarubber diving dress. Glancing through the glass front of the head gear, I saw Jowett holding out my axe, and, taking it, I was rapidly lowered over the side of the launch. Down I went, lower and lower, the water changing colour according to the sediment it contained. At last I reached the bottom and stood for a minute looking round, striving to discover the sunken vessel.

"Darker than the water round me, I saw something looming up in the distance and, axe in hand, I slowly walked towards it. Tangled weeds clung to me breast high, as I neared it; then I saw, lying in one confused heap, the broken masts and the rigging, beyond which lay the hulk of the sunken ship, partly embedded in the mud. Getting close to the ship, I saw evidence in plenty that the Rajah's account of her foundering was correct—the *City of Delhi* had been scuttled!

"Passing round the vessel, I saw that a great orifice had been hewn in her side, large enough for a man to walk through upright. I went within; the dead lay everywhere around, and there, right among them, kneeling beside a rough and discoloured wooden box, dragged, no doubt, from the ill-fated Hindoo's cabin, was the Malay diver, Matello.

"His back was towards me as he groped feverishly there for the treasure he hoped to find; and, involuntarily, I raised my axe and held it over him. He drew out a water-sodden packet, wrapped in a piece of canvas, then pulled it hastily apart, and through the waters I saw the glitter of the stone he had plotted to get, instigated, no doubt, by those who had caused the ship to be sunk, and whose raising of her was to be a mere blind to account for the reason of their purchase, for not otherwise would they have had the right to send divers down.

"As he rose with the stone in his hand, I suddenly snatched it from him, and flung it away with all the force I could. Matello gripped his axe as he saw me facing him; while I, for better opportunity to defend myself, backed out from the vessel, and stood before him on the bed of the harbour.

"The Malay raised his axe and aimed a terrific blow at the air-tubes above my head. Quickly I caught the axe on my own, and then, forgetting everything else, we engaged in a strange fight for life fifty feet below the surface of the harbour waters. I warded off the lightning strokes of his axe, and pressed him in turn until, by some mischance, the clinging weeds caught me, and I fell upon my face. In a second I sprang up to beat him off, feeling that all was over—when

I felt myself being rapidly raised, and the strange encounter was ended!

" 'You gave no signal,' whispered Jowett to me, as he took off my head-gear, 'but I felt sure something had gone wrong and told the men to get you on board. It's my belief,' he added, 'they knew what Matello was after when he went down in that crafty way first; I hope nothing's happened, Mr. Thompson; I thought it best to stay up here.'

" 'Nothing of any importance,' I answered, as I flung off the diving dress. 'Get that precious Malay on to the launch as soon as you can.'

"Up Matello came, and when he too had flung off his gear, I stopped him as he was making for the boat alongside.

" 'You can choose between telling me who induced you to attempt this fine piece of work and explaining matters at the judicial court,' I said. He stood irresolute for a minute, and then made a clean breast of it. Again the Rajah had been proved correct.

"We went ashore again, and after some weeks, in spite of the opposition of the owners of the sunken ship, we eventually



"INVOLUNTARILY I RAISED MY AXE."

raised her, but in the meantime they disappeared. Every one thought they had fled from the consequences of the discovery of their strange crime; but there was another reason why they did so, for the Rajah had been the only witness of the sinking of the ship, and they had not finished with him, as the strangest part of my adventure, which is to come, explains.

"The day before I shipped back to England, having everything ready for my return, I spent the time in calling upon various friends I had made, when, happening to speak of the Rajah's adventure in the harbour at night, my friend proposed a moonlight row, the waters outside being more than usually calm. I agreed to his suggestion, and when the moon rose we put out together. Out of the harbour our little craft was pulled, and, for two hours or more, we enjoyed the night breeze, which came sweeping over the expanse of ocean.

"With expressions of regret, we put the boat about and turned the prow towards the harbour. Watching the distant lights of the town, I saw something gently floating towards us; something that looked like a piece of wreckage more than aught else. I called my companion's attention to it, and he rested on his oars while I pointed it out, as slowly it floated nearer and still nearer.

"'Looks like a piece of a broken-up ship,' said he, 'with a sail flung over it;

it's a queer-looking affair; we'll keep the boat steady till it passes, for it will pass us, that is certain.'

"The floating mass drew quite close to us, and, thrusting out an oar, I stopped it in its course. It swung round so that the spar, which was at one side as a makeshift mast, rocked, and in doing so partly dragged the sail from the rude raft it covered.

"Without further thought, I flung the sail aside and saw there—the dead body of a Hindoo! Something in the still-set features attracted my attention, and, conquering my aversion, I studied them carefully. I had seen them before, most certainly—for the body lying on the raft was that of Ahmed Sind, the Rajah of Burdwan. So I met him for the second and for the last time! We drew the brown sail over the raft and its burden, and watched it as it floated slowly away, floated out to sea, the prey of seabird, of shark, of ocean storm!"

"And the diamond?" I asked: "was the Rajah robbed of it?"

"Nothing more was heard of the gem or of the way in which Ahmed Sind met his death, for the Hindoo is secret and silent when it suits his purpose. Some day the gem will doubtless turn up again; another tragedy added to those which mark its history already! But there my adventure ends." And the stranger left the smoke-room.

A CHILD'S TEAR.

ARRAIGIATION



THE day was bitterly cold,
And the snow was falling fast,
Making the alleys and slums look bright,
With its mantle so pure and vast.

In a cold, bare attic—alone—
An old man sat, meagre and thin,
His white head was bowed on his hands,
With the burden of want and of sin.

"Old Harry," they called him, but why,
Was a puzzle to everyone.
None knew who he was—whence he came—
He was silent, and stern, and glum.

His face, lined and wrinkled with age,
Assumes now a pale, ghastly stare ;
With caution he rises and turns
To the door, which he fastens with care.

Then groping his way in the dark
To a corner, he kneels on the floor ;
He raises a board, and then clutches with haste
A bag filled with bright golden store.

"Very nearly five hundred in gold,"
He exclaims, then with reverence and greed,
Gloating over his treasure, he laughs, "Ah ! ah ! ah !
Stern Old Harry poor—is he indeed !"

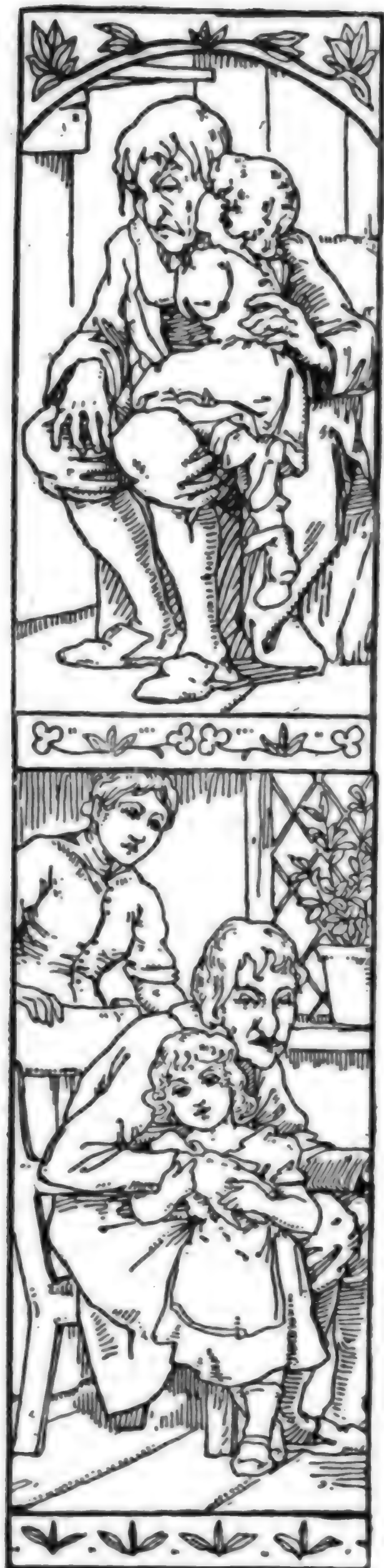
Hush ! a light, timid knock at the door
Makes his hair stand on end, and his eyes
Look bloodshot with terror and fright,
As the bag with stiff fingers he ties.

Again sounds that knock on the door,
Still louder ; he tries all his might
To answer—when sweetly, a child's voice calls out,
"Mr. Harry, has ou got a light ?"

"No, I haven't," he gruffly replies.
"Den, hasn't ou got any fire ?"
"No," growled Old Harry ; "and what do you want ?
You'd better be off a floor higher."

"Oh ! please, Mr. Harry, I'se cold ;
I came here with mammy last night,
And mammy is sick and cold too ;
Arn't ou cold when ou hasn't a light ?"

"Yes, I like it ; I'm just a poor man,
And I can't afford candles and coal ;
But come in if you like, there's a spark in the grate,
But you mustn't stop long in this hole.



"I've got half a candle, I think,"

He said, all the time wond'ring why
He should talk to this mite of humanity so;
And his thoughts made him stifle a sigh.

The child held her hands to the flame,
And prattled and danced on the floor,
He could not remember a time in his life
When he'd spoken to a child before.

He gazed at the sweet cherub face,
The pathetic blue eyes—curly hair.
Then he quietly fetched out some wood and some coal,
While she cried, "What are ou doing there?"

"I'll just try and make the fire burn,"
He replied, in a much softer tone,
As he pushed right before her the stale piece of bread
He'd forgotten, when left all alone.

In rapture, she looked at the blaze,
Then said, in a voice soft and low,
As she climbed, in sweet trust, on the old man's knee,
"Mr. Harry, I does love ou so."

Such words sounded strange in his ears.
He said, "Where is your father to-day?"
"My daddy's in heaven, and my dear mammy says,
That some day I'll go too, if I pray.

I wish you would go, Mr. Harry, I do."
He thought of the time when a lad,
His mother had taught him to pray the same way,
And he groaned loud, "Ah! no, I'm too bad."

"Are ou sick, Mr. Harry?" "Ay, ay," he replied.
"I feel mortal bad with my pain."
The blue eyes filled slowly, and one big white drop
On his hand, left a pearly dew stain.

He started, gazed first at the child, then his hand,
A choking sensation he felt.
He huskily asked her, "Child, why do you cry?"
Her reply caused his hard heart to melt.

"Cause ou are sick too," the little one said,
"And me loves ou, and wants ou be well."
The fountain of frozen humanity thawed.
More, 'tis scarcely needful to tell.

* * * * *

In a sweet rustic cottage, some months later on,
Might be seen an old man with white hair,
And a bright, winsome lassie was fondling the hand
Which the pearly dew-drop had made fair.

The mother, restored now to health and to strength,
Felt her heart with deep gratitude swell,
Knowing she and her child were provided for life,
And "Old Harry" was happy as well.

M. M. S.

The Silver Christ.

(Continued.)

By OUIDA,

Author of "*Under Two Flags*," "*Two Little Wooden Shoes*,"
"*A Dog of Flanders*," "*A House Party*," &c.

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CHAPTER III.

IT was a soft and luminous night; there was the faintest of south winds now and then wandering amongst the tops of the pines, and fanning their aromatic odours out of them. The sound of little threads of water trickling through the sand and moss, and falling downward through the heather, was the only sound, save when a night bird called through the dark, or a night beetle whirred on its way.

The hill-side was sere and arid, and its bold, stony expanse had seldom a living thing on it by daylight. By night, when the priest and sacristan were sleeping, there was not a single sign of any life, except the blowing of the pine tops in the breeze.

He had never been there except by broad day; his knees shook under him as he looked up at the tall, straight black tower, with the moonlit clouds shining through the bars of its open belfry. If he had not heard the voice of Santina crying to him, "No coward shall win me," he would have turned and fled.

He was alone as utterly as though all the world were dead.

It was still barely midnight when he saw the church of San Fulvo looming darker than the dark clouds about it, and the pine trees and the presbytery and the walls of the burial ground gathered round it black and gaunt, their shapes all fused together in one heap of gloom.

The guardians of the place—old men who went early to their beds—were sleeping somewhere under those black roofs against the tower. Below, the hills and valleys were all wrapped in the silence of the country night.

On some far road some tired team of charcoal-bearing mules might be treading woefully to the swing of their heavy bells, or some belated string of wine-carts might

be creeping carefully through the darkness, their men half drunk and their beasts half asleep.

But there was no sound or sign of them in the vast brooding stillness which covered, like great soft wings, the peaceful hills overlapping one another, and the serenity of the mountains bathed in the rays of the moon.

There was no sound anywhere; not even the bleat of a sheep from the flocks, nor the bark of a dog from the homesteads.

Caris crossed himself, and mounted the steep path which led to the church gate.

The last time he had come thither he had climbed up with the weight of his mother's coffin on his shoulders; the ascent being too steep for a mule to mount and he too poor to pay for assistance.

The walls of the graveyard were high and the only entrance to it was through a wooden, iron-studded door, which had on one side of it a little hollowed stone for holy water and above it a cross of iron and an iron crown. To force the door was impossible; to climb the wall was difficult, but he was agile as a wild cat and accustomed to crawl up the stems of the pines to gather their cones and the smooth trunks of the poplars in the valley to lop their crowns.

He paused a moment, feeling the cold dew run like rain off his forehead, and wished that his dog was with him, a childish wish, for the dog could not have climbed; then he kicked off his boots, set his toe-nails in the first crevice in the brick surface, and began to mount with his hands and feet with prehensile agility.

In a few moments he was above on the broad parapet which edged the wall and could look down into the burial place below. But he did not dare to look; he shut his eyes convulsively and began to descend, holding by such slight aids as the

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uneven surface and the projecting lichens afforded him : he dropped at last roughly but safely on the coarse grass within the enclosure.

All was black and still ; shut in on three sides by its walls, and at the fourth side by the tower of the church.

The moon had passed behind a cloud and he could see nothing.

He stood ankle deep in the grass ; and as he stirred he stumbled over the uneven, broken ground, made irregular by so many nameless graves. He felt in his breeches pocket for his pipe and matches, and drew one of the latter out and struck it on a stone.

But the little flame was too feeble to show him even whereabouts he was, and he could not in the darkness tell one grave from another.

Stooping and stretching out his hands, he could feel the rank grass and the hillocks all round him ; there were a few headstones, but only a few ; of such dead as were buried in the graveyard of San Fulvo, scarce one mourner in a century could afford a memorial stone or even a wooden cross.

He stood still and helpless, not having foreseen the difficulty of the darkness.

He could feel the stirring of wings in the air around him. His sense told him that they were but owls and bats, of which the old tower was full ; but he shivered as he heard them go by ; who could be sure what devilish thing they might not be ?

The horror of the place grew on him.

Still, harmless, sacred though it was, it filled him with a terror which fastened upon him, making his eyeballs start, and his flesh creep, and his limbs shake beneath him.

Yet he gripped his pickaxe closer and tighter and held his ground and waited for the moon to shine from the clouds.

Santina should see he was no white-livered boy. He would get her what she asked and then she would be his—his—his ; and the woods would hide their loves and the cold moss grow warm with their kisses.

Stung into courage and impatience by her memory, he struck violently on one of the stones his whole handful of brimstone matches ; they flared alight with a blue, sharp flash and he saw there at his feet his mother's grave.

He could not doubt that it was hers ; it was a mound of clay on which no grass

had had time to grow, and there were the crossed sticks he had set up on it as a memorial, with a bit of an old blue kerchief which had been hers tied to them.

It was just as he had left them there four months before, when the summer had been green and the brooks dry and the days long and light. She was there under his feet where he and the priest had laid her, the two crossed chestnut sticks, the only memorial she would ever have, poor soul !

She was there ; lying out in all wind and weather alone ; horribly, eternally alone ; the rain raining on her and the sun shining on her, and she knowing nought, poor dead woman !

Then the wickedness of what he came to do smote him all of a sudden so strongly that he staggered as under a blow, and a shower of hot tears gushed from his eyes and he wept bitterly.

"Oh, mother, poor mother !" he cried aloud. She had been a hard mother to him, and had had ways which he had feared and disliked, and a cruel tongue and a bad name on the hill-side, but she had been his mother, and when she had lain dying she had been sorrowful to think that she would leave him alone.

She had been his mother and he came to rifle her grave.

What a crime ! What a foul, black crime, such as men and women would scarce speak of with bated breath by their hearths in the full blaze of day ! What a crime ! He abhorred himself for doing it, as he would have abhorred a poisoner or a parricide seeing them pass to the gallows.

"Oh, mother, mother, forgive me. She will have it so !" he sobbed, with a piteous prayer. He thought that being dead his mother would understand and forgive, as she would never have understood or forgiven when living.

Then he struck his spade down into the heavy clay on which no bird-sown seed of blade or blossom had yet had any time to spring.

He dug and dug and dug, till the sweat rolled off his limbs and his shoulders ached and his arms quivered.

He threw spadeful of clay one after another out on the ground around, his eyes growing used to the darkness, and his hands gripping the spade handle harder and harder in desperation. The very horror of his action nerved him to feverish force.

"Oh, Santina, Santina, you give my soul to hell fires everlasting!" he cried aloud once, as he jammed the iron spade down deeper and deeper into the ground, tearing the stiff soil asunder and crushing the stones.

The moon came forth from the clouds, and the burial-ground grew white with her light where the shadows of the walls did not fall. He looked up once; then he saw black crosses, black skulls and cross-bones, rank grass, crumbling headstones, nameless mounds all round him, and beyond them the tower of the church.

But his mother's coffin he did not find. In vain he dug, and searched, and frantically tossed aside the earth in such haste to have ended and finished with his horrible task.

His mother's coffin he could not find.

Under the rays of the moon the desecrated ground lay, all broken up and heaped and tossed together, as though an earthquake had riven the soil. But the deal shell which he had made with his own hands and borne thither on his own shoulders, he could not find.

"She will never believe! She will never believe!" he thought.

Santina would never believe that he had come there if he met her at dawn with empty hands. He could hear in fancy her shrill, cruel, hissing shriek of mockery and derision; and he felt that if he did hear it so in reality it would drive him mad.

He dug and dug and dug, more furiously, more blindly, going unconsciously farther and farther away from where the two crossed chestnut sticks had been; they had been uprooted and buried long before, under the first heap of clay which he had thrown out from the grave.

He had forgotten that they alone were his landmarks and guides; in the darkness which had been followed by the uncertain, misleading light of the moon, he had gone far from them.

His work had become almost a frenzy with him; his nerves were strung to an uncontrollable pitch of excitement, fear and obstinacy, and a furious resolve to obtain what he sought, with a terrible dread of what he should see when he should reach it, had together, in their conflict of opposing passions, driven him beside himself.

He dug on and on, without any consciousness of how far he had gone from his goal, and no sense left but the fury of determination to possess himself of what

he knew was there in the earth beneath him.

He stood up to his knees in the yawning clay, with the heavy clods of it flung up on either side of him, and the moon hanging up on high in the central heavens, her light often obscured by drifting cloud wrack, and at other times shining cold and white into his face, as though by its searching rays to read his soul.

How long he had been there he knew not; time was a blank to him; his supernatural terrors were lost in the anguish of dread lest he should be unable to do Santina's will.

He felt as though he strove with the fiend himself.

Who but some hideous power of evil could have moved the corpse and baffled and beaten him thus? Perhaps truly the charms had been things born of the devil, and the devil had taken them both to himself and the body of his mother with them. He dug on and on frantically, deriving relief from the fever within him through that violent exertion which strained every vein and muscle in his body till he felt as though beaten with iron rods.

He did not see in the confusion of his mind and the gloom of the night that he had come close under the graveyard wall, and was digging almost at its base. He believed himself still to be on the spot where he had buried his mother; and he had deepened the pit about him until he was sunk up to his loins. He never remembered the danger of the priest or the sacristan waking and rising and seeing him at his occult labour.

He never remembered that the bell would toll for matins whilst the stars would be still in their places, and the hills and the valleys still dark. All sense had left him except one set, insane resolve to obtain that by which the beauty of a woman was alone to be won.

Of crime he had grown reckless, of emotion he had none left; he was only frantically, furiously determined to find that which he had come to seek. Standing in the damp, clogging soil, with the sense of moving creatures about him which his labours had disturbed in the bowels of the earth; he dug and dug and dug until his actions had no purpose or direction in them, only hurling clod upon clod in breathless, aimless, senseless monotony and haste.

At last his spade struck on some substance other than the heavy soil and the

slimy worms; he thrilled through all his frame with triumph and with terror.

At last! At last! he never doubted that it was the coffin he sought; he did not know that his mother's grave lay actually yards away from him. Oh, were there only light, he thought; it was so dark, for the moon had now passed down behind the wall of the graveyard, and there would be only henceforth growing ever darker and darker that dense gloom which precedes the dawn. He dared not go on digging; he was afraid that the iron of his spade should stave in the soft wood of the coffin, and cut and maim the body within it. He stooped and pushed the clay aside with his hands, trying to feel what the tool had struck.

What met his touch was not wood, but metal—rounded, smooth, polished; though clogged and crusted with the clay bed in which it lay. He pushed the earth farther and farther away, and the object he had reached seemed to lie far under, under the soil, and to be held down by it.

He was himself hemmed in by the broken clods and stood in the hole he had dug, half imprisoned by it. But he could move enough to strike a few remaining matches on the iron of the spade and let their light fall on what he had unearthed.

Then it seemed to him that a miracle had been wrought.

Before him lay a silver image of the child Christ. His knees shook, his whole frame trembled, his lips gasped for breath; the flame of the matches died out; he was left in the dark with the image.

"It is the Gesu! It is the Gesu!" he muttered, sure that his dead mother, or the saints, or both, had wrought this miracle to show him the evil of his ways.

In truth, the statue had lain there many centuries, buried against the wall by pious hands in times when the torch of war had been carried flaming over all the wasted villages and ravaged fields in the plain below.

But no such explanation dawned on the mind of Caris.

To him it was a miracle wrought by the saints or by the dead. In the dark he could feel its round shoulders, its small hands folded as in prayer, its smooth cheek and brow, its little breast; and he touched them reverently, trembling in every nerve.

He had heard of holy images shown thus to reward belief or to confound disbelief.

His faith was vague, dull, toolish, but it was deep-rooted in him. He was a miserable sinner; and the dead and the saints turned him thus backward on his road to hell; so he thought, standing waist deep in the rugged clay and clutching his spade to keep himself from falling in a swoon.

CHAPTER IV.

To Caris miracles were as possible as daily bread.

He knew little of them, but he believed in them with his whole soul. It seemed wonderful that the heavenly powers should create one for such a poor and humble creature as himself; but it did not seem in any way wonderful that such a thing should be.

The Divine Child was there in the earth, keeping away all evil things by its presence, and he could not doubt that the saints who were with Mary, or perchance his own mother's purified spirit, had called the image there to save him from the fiend.

He sank on his knees on the clay and said over breathlessly all the aves he could think of. They were few, but he repeated them over and over again, hoping thus to find grace and mercy for his sin for having broken into these sacred precincts and disturbed the dead in their rest.

But what of Santina? Would she believe him when he told her of this wondrous thing?

If he went to her with his hands empty, would she ever credit that he had courage to come upon this quest? He could hear, as it were, at his ear, her mocking, cruel, incredulous laughter.

She had said, "Bring me the magic toys." What would the tale of a miracle matter to her? She wanted treasure and knowledge. She would care nothing for the souls of the dead or the works of the saints, nothing.

He knew that her heart was set on getting things which she knew were evil, but believed were powerful for good and ill, for fate and future.

Suddenly a thought which froze his veins with its terror arose in him and fascinated him with its wickedness and its daring. What if he took the holy image to her in proof that he had tried to do her will, and had been turned from his errand by powers more than mortal?

Since she had believed in the occult

powers of his mother's divining-tools, surely she would still more readily believe in the direct and visible interposition of the dead.

If he bore the Gesu to her in his arms she could not then doubt that he had passed the hours of this night in the graveyard of San Fulvo.

But could he dare to touch the holy thing? Would the image consent to be so taken? Would not its limbs rebel, its lips open, its body blister and blast the mortal hands which would thus dare to desecrate it?

A new fear, worse, more unspeakable than any which had moved him before, now took possession of him as he knelt there on the bottom of the pit which he had dug, gazing through the blackness of the darkness to the spot where he knew the silver body of the Christ Child lay.

The thing was holy in his eyes, and he meant to use it for unholy purposes. He felt that his hands would wither at the wrist if they took up that silver Gesu from its bed of earth.

His heart beat loudly against his ribs; his head swam.

It was still dark, though dawn in the east had risen.

He crawled out of the pit of clay with difficulty, holding the silver image to his bosom with one arm, and stood erect, and gazed around him.

If saints or fiends were there beside him, they made no sign; they neither prevented nor avenged the sacrilege.

The sweet sharp smell of the wet blowing grasses was in his nostrils, and the damp, clinging sods were about his feet, dragging at the soles of his boots: that was all.

He began to think of the way in which he could, thus burdened, climb the wall.

The Silver Christ was heavy in his hold, and he needed to have both hands free to ascend the height above him.

He knew it was an image and not a living god; yet none the less was it in his sight holy, heaven sent, miraculously potent for the service of the saints; and to take it up and bear it away seemed to him like stealing the very Hostia itself.

True, he would bring it back, and give it to the Vicar, and let it, according to the reverend man's choice, be returned into its grave or laid on the altar of the church for the worship of the people and the continued working of miracles.

Yes, he said to himself, assuredly he

would bring it back. He would only bear it in his arms most reverently to Santina, that she might see and believe, and become his; and then would return hither with it and tell the priest the wondrous story.

Yet he shook as with palsy at the thought of carrying the blessed image as though it were a mere living human babe.

It seemed to him as if no man could do such a deed and live. The anointed hands of a priest might touch it, but not his; his so hard and rough and scarred with work, never having held aught better than his pipe of clay and his tool of wood or of iron, and the horn haft of his pocket-knife.

Nor was even his motive for taking it pure. He wanted through it to justify himself in the sight of a woman, and to find favour with her, and to gratify a strong and furious passion. His reasons were earthly, gross, selfish; they could not redeem or consecrate or excuse his act. That he knew.

She could not, before its sacred testimony, be angry or scornful, or incredulous, or unkind.

He dropped carefully down on the earth beneath and began the descent of the hill.

All was still, dusky, solitary; the church was wrapt in gloom, the daybreak did not reach it; only above the inland hills the white light spread where he could not see; behind the high wall of the graveyard, beyond the ranges of the inland hills, the grey, soft light of daybreak had arisen.

He thought he heard voices all around him, and amongst them that of his mother warning him to leave untouched the sacred Child, and get up on his feet and flee. But, above these he heard the laughter of Santina mocking him as an empty-handed, white-livered fool, who came with foolish tales of visions to hide his quaking soul.

Better that his arms should shrivel, that his sight should be blinded, that his body should be shrunken and stricken with the judgment of Heaven than that he should live to hear her red lips laugh and call him a feckless coward.

With all the life which was in him shrinking and sickening in deadly fear, he stooped down, groped in the dark until he found the image, grasped its metal breast and limbs, and dragged it upward from the encircling earth.

It was of the size of a human child of a year old.

He plucked it roughly upward, for his

terror made him rude and fierce, and held it in his arms, whilst he wondered, in his great awe and horror, that no judgment of affronted Heaven followed on his desperate act.

All was still well with him; he saw, he heard, he breathed, he lived; the cool night air was blowing over him, the clouds were letting fall a faint, fine, mist-like rain.

"When I bring the little Christ back, I can get the tools," he thought. It seemed a small matter.

He climbed the wall with slow, laborious and painful effort, the dead weight of the silver figure encumbering him as he mounted with cat-like skill, cutting his hands and bruising his skin against the rough, undressed stones.

He undid the belt about his loins—a mere piece of webbing with a buckle, strapped it around the body of the Gesu, and taking the ends thereof between his firm, strong teeth, sought in the dark for the place whence he had descended, and found it.

He was forced to leave behind him his spade and pickaxe.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN at last he reached the top of the coping, he saw that it was dawn. His heart leapt in his breast. Down in the chestnut coppice Santina would be awaiting him; and she would believe, surely, certainly, she would believe when she should see this holy Gesu brought out from the tomb.

He was in good time. It was barely day. He unslung the Gesu and took it again in his arms as carefully as a woman would take a new-born child. The polished limbs grew warm in his hands; its small face leaned against his breast; he lost his awe of it; he ceased to fear what it might do to him; he felt a kind of love for it.

"Oh, Gesu, dear Gesu, smile on us," he said to it; and although it was still too dark to see more than its outline faintly, he thought he saw the mouth move in answer.

Holding it to him, he started homeward down the stony slope. He was thankful to be out of that ghostly place of tombs; he was thankful to have escaped from that scene of terror whole in limb, and uncursed and unobserved; the tension of his nerves in the past hours had given

place to an unreasoning and overstrung gladness. But for his reverence for the burden he carried, he could have laughed aloud.

Only once, now and then, as he went, his conscience smote him. His poor mother!—he had forgotten her; he had displaced the mark set above her grave; no one would ever now be sure where she was buried. Did it hurt her, what he had done? Would she be jealous in her grave of the woman for whom he did it? Was it cruel to have come away without smoothing the rugged earth above her bed and saying an Ave for her?

But these thoughts, this remorse, were fleeting; his whole mind was filled with the heat of passion and its expectation. Fatigued and overworked and sleepless as he was, he almost ran down the paths of the hills in his haste, and tore his skin and his clothes as he pushed his way through the brushwood and furze, guarding only the Gesu from hurt as he went.

The day had now fully dawned, and the sun had risen; its rosy flush was warm over all the land and sky; the woodlarks and the linnets singing under the bushes; the wild doves were dabbling in the rivulets of water; the hawks were circling high in the light.

On the wooded hill-side all was peaceful with the loveliness of the unworn day; the air was full of the smell of heather and wet mosses and resinous pine cones; rain falling above where the church was, but in these lower woods there was a burst of sunrise, warmth and light. None of these things, however, did he note. He went on and on, downward and downward, holding the silver image close against his breast, scarcely feeling the boughs which grazed his cheeks or the flints which wounded his naked feet.

When he came within sight of the place where he had left Santina the night before, he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of her through the tangle of leaves and twigs and fronds. And, true enough to her tryst, she was there, waiting impatient, fretting, wishing the time away, blaming her own folly in setting all her hopes of freedom and the future on a foolish, cowardly churl, for so she called him in her angry thought, as she crouched down under the chestnut scrub and saw the daylight widen and brighten.

She ran a great risk in hiding there: if any of her people or their carters saw her,

their suspicions would be aroused and their questions endless. She would say that she came for mushrooms; but they would not believe her. She was too well-known for a late riser and a lazy wench.

Still she had imperilled everything to keep her word with him, and she waited for him, seated on the moss, half covered with leaves, except at such times as her impatient temper made her cast prudence to the winds and rise and look out of the thicket upward to the hills.

She had made herself look her best: a yellow kerchief was tied over her head, her hair shone like a blackbird's wing, her whole face and form were full of vivid, rich, and eager animal beauty. To get away—oh, only to get away! She looked up at the wild doves sailing over the tops of the tall pines and envied them their flight.

Caris saw that eager, longing look upon her countenance before he reached her, and he thought it was love for him.

He held the *Gesu* to his bosom with both hands and coursed like lightning down the steep slope which still divided him from her; he was unconscious of how jaded, soiled and uncomely he looked after his long night's work and all his ghostly fears: his feet were scratched and bleeding, his shirt soaked in sweat, his flesh bespattered with the clay, his hair wet and matted with moisture; he had no remembrance of that, he had no suspicions that even in that moment of agitation, when she believed her errand done, her will accomplished, she was saying in her heart as she watched him draw nigh: "He has got them! he has got them! but, Holy Marie, what a clown! He has all the mud of fifty graves upon him."

He rushed downward to her, and held the silver image out at arm's-length and sobbed, and laughed, and cried aloud, indifferent who might hear his voice, trembling with awe and ecstasy. "It is the *Gesu* himself, the *Gesu*—and I have brought Him to you because now you will believe—and my mother must be well with them in heaven or they never had wrought such a miracle for me—and such a night I have passed, dear God! such things as I have seen and heard—but the Child smiles—the Child is pleased—and now you will believe, though I could not find the magic things—and I said to myself, when she sees the *Gesu* she will believe—

and she will be mine—mine—mine! The Lord forgive me, that has been all my thought though he wrought such a miracle for me!"

The words poured out of his mouth, one over another, like the rush of water let loose through a narrow channel. He was blind with his own excess and emotion, his own breathless desire; he did not see the changes which swept over the face of Santina in a tumult of wrath, wonder, fury, eagerness, suspicion, cupidity, as one after another went coursing through her soul and shining in her eyes, making her beauty distorted and terrible.

Her first impulse was fury at his failure to bring her what she wanted: the second was to comprehend in a flash of instantaneous insight the money value of that to which he only attached a spiritual merit.

She snatched the image from him and in the morning light she saw the silver of it glisten through the earth which still, in parts, clung to it. It might be better, surer, more quick aid to her than the uncertain divining tools whereof she was ignorant of the full employ. Her rapid mind swept over in a second all the uses to which it might be put, and comprehended the superstitious adoration of it which moved Caris and made him control his passion for herself, as he stood gazing at it in her arms, his own hands clasped in prayer, and his whole frame trembling with the portentous sense of the mercy of Heaven which had been made manifest to him.

She in a second divined that it had been part of some buried treasure which he had by accident disinterred; but she was too keen and wise to let him see that she did so; it was her part to humour and to confirm him in his self-deception.

She calmed the angry, gibing words which rose to her lips, she held back the exultant covetousness which flashed in her eyes and betrayed itself in the clutching grasp of her fingers; she gazed on the *Gesu* with a worship half real, half affected, for it was also a holy image to her, if its sanctity were to her outweighed and outshone by its monetary worth in precious metal.

"Tell me, how found you this?" she asked under her breath, as one almost speechless with awe before such a manifestation from on high.

She was really in genuine fear. He had

been into precincts which none could enter without offending immortal and unseen powers. He had done it at her bidding. Who could be sure that the offending spirits would not avenge his sacrilege on her?

But through her fears, she kept her hold upon the image, whilst she asked the question.

Tremblingly he told her how he had passed the awful hours of the night and failed to find his mother's tomb, but in its stead found this. "And I brought it that you should know that I had been there," he said in conclusion; "that you might know I had been where you willed, and am no coward; and we will take it back together and give it to the holy man up yonder, and now—and now—and now —"

His hands touched her, his breath was upon her, his whole-souled yet violent passion blazed in his eyes and quivered all over his frame; he had dared all things for his reward, and he claimed it. But, quick as lightning, and merciless as dishonest, she put the holy image between her and him. The sacred silver froze his burning lips.

His arms fell to his side as though they were paralysed. "Not while the Gesu is with us," she murmured in rebuke. "Let us not be unworthy—you say yourself a miracle was wrought."

"But —" he stood before her, checked, daunted, breathing heavily like a horse thrown back on its haunches in full flight.

"Hush," she said with a scared look. "There are people near; I hear them. We will take the Gesu home; but that cannot well be till dusk. I will keep him safe with me. Go you, dear, and clean your skin and your clothes, lest any seeing you should suspect what you have done."

"I will not go," he muttered; "you promised —"

"I promised, oh fool!" she said, with quick passion. "And my word I will keep. But not while the Gesu is with us. I love you for all you have braved; I love you for all you have done; I will be yours and no other's. See! I swear it on the Holy Child's head!" And she kissed the silver brow of the babe.

He was convinced, yet irresolute and impatient. "Let us go back with it now, then," he muttered. "I did but bring

him to show you in witness of what I had done."

"No," she said, with that imperious command in her voice and her gaze which made the resolve in him melt like wax beneath a flame. "You cannot be seen with me in such a state as you are. I will carry the Christ back to the church, if so be that he rest uneasily in common arms like ours, and then—well—I will pass by your cabin as I come down. Dost complain of that, my ingrate?"

A flood of warmth and joy and full belief swept like flame through the whole being of Caris: her eyes were suffused, her cheek blushed, her lips smiled; he thought himself beloved: he thought himself on the threshold of ecstasy; the minutes seemed like hours until he should regain his hut and watch from its door for her coming.

"You will go now?" he asked eagerly.

"At once," she answered, holding the Gesu to her as a woman would hold a sucking child.

Caris closed his eyes, dazed with her beauty, and the wild, sweet thought of how she would hold to her breast some child of his on some fair unborn morrow.

"Then go," he muttered. "The sooner we part the sooner we shall meet. Oh, my angel!"

She gave him a smile over her shoulder, and she pushed her way upward through the chestnut boughs, carrying the Gesu folded to her bosom.

Watching her thus depart, a sudden and new terror struck him.

"Wait!" he called to her. "Will Don Felice be angered that I disturbed the graves, think you?"

"Nay, nay, not when he sees that you give him the image," she called back in answer.

Then she disappeared in the green haze of foliage, and Caris struck onward in the opposite direction, to take the way which led to his cabin on Genistrello. Her words had wakened him to a consciousness of his bruised, befouled and tattered state.

He wished to avoid meeting anyone who might question him as to his condition.

He got as quickly as he could by solitary paths to his home, and was met with rapture by his dog. He entered the house, and drank thirstily; he could not eat; he washed in the tank at the back

of the hut, and clothed himself in the best that he had, what he wore on holy and on festal days.

Then he set his house-door wide open to the gay morning light, which, green and gleeful, poured through the trunks of the chestnuts and pines; and he sat down on his threshold with the dog at his feet and waited.

It would be a whole working-day lost, but what of that? A lover may well lose a day's pay for love's crown of joy.

Hour after hour passed by, and his eyes strained and ached with looking into the green light of the woods. But Santina came not.

The forenoon and noontide and afternoon went by, and still no living thing came up to his solitary house. The whole day wore away, and he saw no one, heard nothing, had no visitant except the black stoat which flitted across the path, and the grey thrushes which flew by on their autumn flights towards lower ground.

The long, fragrant, empty day crept slowly by, and at last ended. She had not come.

He was still fasting. He drank thirstily, but he could not eat, though he fed the dog.

He was in a state of nervous excitation almost delirious. The trees and the hills and the sky seemed to whirl around him. He dared not leave the hut lest she should come thither in his absence. He stared till he was sightless along the green path which led down to Massa. Now and then, stupidly, uselessly, he shouted aloud; and the mountains echoed his solitary voice.

The dog knew that something was wrong with his master, and was pained and afraid.

The evening fell. The night wore away. He put a little lamp in his doorway, thinking she might come, through shyness, after dark. But no one came. Of her there was no sign, or from her any word.

When the day came he was still dressed and sleepless, seated before his door; the flame of the little lamp burnt on, garish and yellow in the sunshine.

The sun mounted to the zenith; it was again noon. He went indoors and took a great knife which he was accustomed to carry with him to Maremma. He put it in his belt inside his breeches, so that it was invisible.

Then he called the dog to him, kissed him on the forehead, gave him bread, and motioned to him to guard the house; then he took his way once more down the hillside to Massa.

If she had fooled him yet again she would not live to do it thrice. His throat was dry as sand; his eyes were blood-shot; his look was strange.

The dog howled and moaned as he passed out of sight.

He went onward, under the boughs tinged with their autumnal fires, until he came to the place where the house and sheds and walls of Massa stood. He walked straight in through the open gates, and then stood still.

He saw that there was some unusual stir and trouble in the place; no one was at work, the children were gaping and gabbling, the housewife was standing doing nothing, her hands at her sides; Masso himself was seated drumming absently on the table.

"Where is Santina?" asked Caris.

They all spoke in answer, "Santina is a jade."

Masso's voice louder and rougher than the rest.

"She has gone out of the town and away, none know where; and she has left a letter behind her saying that none need try to follow, for she is gone to a fine new world, where she will want none of us about her, and my brother says it is all my fault, giving her liberty out on the hills; and the marvel is where she got the money, for we and they kept her so close—not a stiver—not a penny—and it seems she took the train that goes over the mountains ever so far, and paid a power of gold at the station-wicket."

The voice of Caris crossed his in a loud, bitter cry. "She sold the Gesu! As God lives—she sold the Gesu!"

Then the blood rushed from his nostrils and his mouth; and he fell face downwards.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days later he was arrested for having violated and robbed the tombs in the burial grounds of San Fulvo. The pickaxe and the spade had been found with his name burned on the wood of them; he was sentenced to three years at the galleys for sacrilege and theft.

When the three years were ended, he

was an old, grey, bowed man, though only twenty-nine years of age; he returned to his cabin, and the dog, who had been cared for by the charcoal-burners, knew him from afar off, and flew down the hill-path to meet him.

"The wench who ruined you," said the charcoal-burners around their fire that night, "they do say she is a fine singer and a rich madam somewhere in foreign parts. She sold the Gesu; aye, she sold the Gesu to a silversmith down in the town; that gave her the money to start with, and the rest her face and her voice have done for her."

"Who has the Gesu?" asked Caris, hiding his eyes on the head of the dog.

"Oh, the Gesu, they say, was put in the smelting-pot," said the charcoal-burner.

Caris felt for the knife which was inside his belt. It had been given back to him with his clothes when he had been set free at the end of his sentence.

"One could find her," he thought, with a thrill of savage longing. Then he looked down at the dog and across at the green aisles of the pines and chestnuts.

"Let the jade be," said the forest-man to him. "You are home again, and 'twas not you who bartered the Christ."

Caris fondled the hilt of the great knife under his waistband.

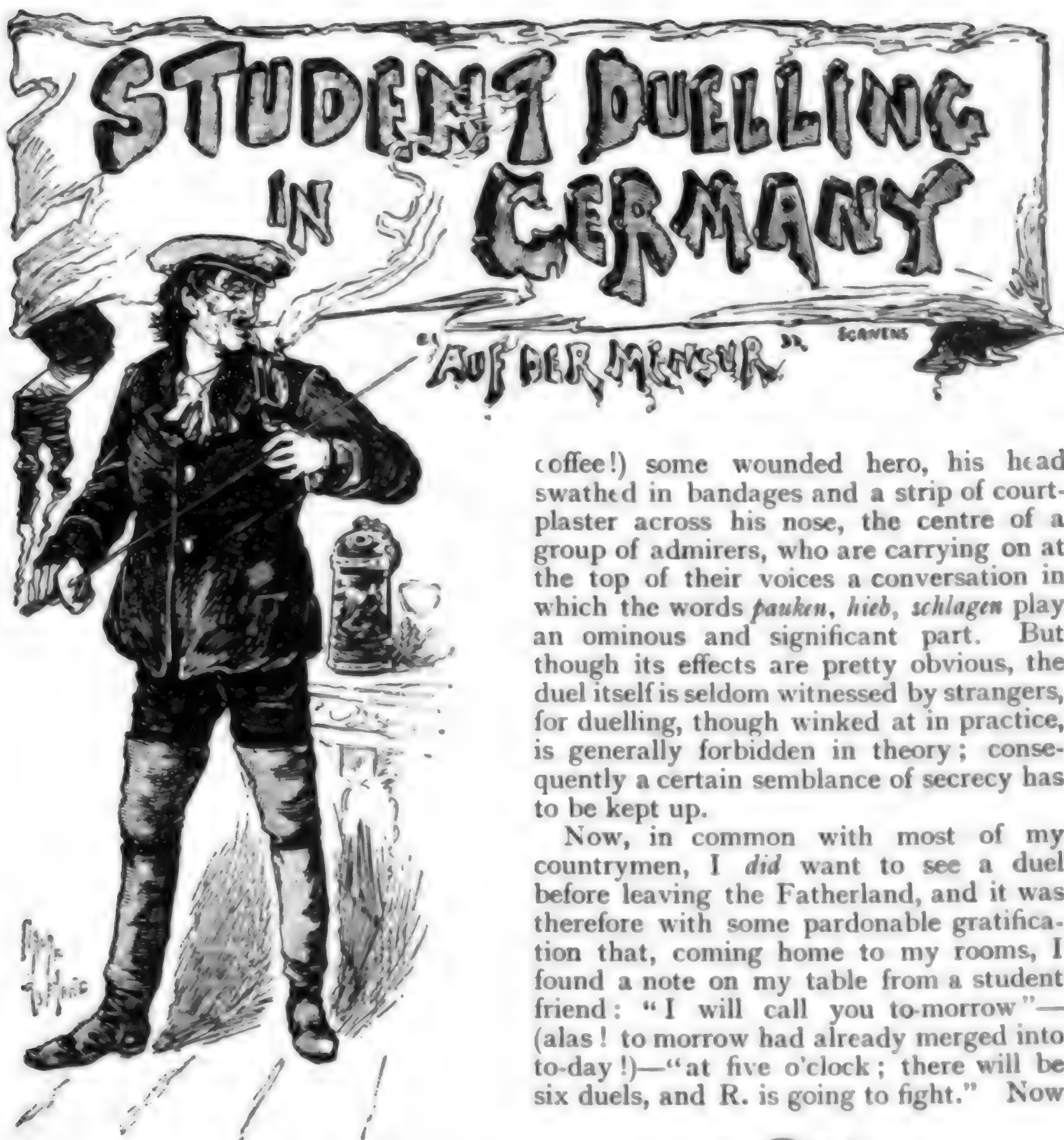
"She stole the Gesu and sold him," he said, in a hushed voice. "One day I will find her, and I will strike her, once for myself and twice for him."

THE END.



Next Month will Commence an Original Story by JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootles' Baby," &c. &c., entitled

"A BROKEN PAST."



(coffee!) some wounded hero, his head swathed in bandages and a strip of court-plaster across his nose, the centre of a group of admirers, who are carrying on at the top of their voices a conversation in which the words *pauken*, *hieb*, *schlagen* play an ominous and significant part. But though its effects are pretty obvious, the duel itself is seldom witnessed by strangers, for duelling, though winked at in practice, is generally forbidden in theory; consequently a certain semblance of secrecy has to be kept up.

Now, in common with most of my countrymen, I *did* want to see a duel before leaving the Fatherland, and it was therefore with some pardonable gratification that, coming home to my rooms, I found a note on my table from a student friend: "I will call you to-morrow"—(alas! to-morrow had already merged into to-day!)"—"at five o'clock; there will be six duels, and R. is going to fight." Now

HAVE you ever been on the Rhine? If you are an Englishman, you probably know the Rhine from Schaffhausen to the North Sea far better than most Germans. If not, take my advice and go as soon as you can. But, if you have stayed in a certain famous university town not a hundred miles from the banks of the Rhine, you have doubtless marvelled at the strange appearance of many of the students, the coloured *Mütze* upon their heads surmounting square, good-humoured faces, which were so seamed across and across with sword-cuts that it was hard to tell where the smile ended and the scars began. Or perhaps you have seen, as you sipped your coffee in a restaurant (By Jove! what



SEAMED ACROSS AND ACROSS.

R. was a particular friend of mine, and, as report went, was the champion hewer of heads and drawer of blood in the University. Accordingly, when, after about two hours' sleep, I was awakened by a stern *aufstehen*, I turned out readily enough, eager for the fray, and joined the group of *Bürschen* awaiting me in the street below. As we passed along through the silent streets we were joined by several more batches of students, all bound for the same quiet spot on the wooded hills. That sleepy-eyed policeman who stands blinking at us in the morning sun—he knows, good, easy man, what is afoot; but, bless you! boys will be boys, and if the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck don't mind, why should a poor, simple *Schutzmann* trouble his head about the matter?

But we are terribly hungry, and not a baker's shop is yet open. Never mind, we can break our fast at the next village; and, sure enough, as we plod up the village street, there is a baker opening his shop, and just opposite a sausage-vendor festooning his window with *Wurst* of all kinds. Fresh rolls and *Leber-Wurst*—yes, and he *has* a bottle of cognac. Heaven be praised! for I had an uneasy feeling that, for a novice at least, a duel, like a strong cigar, was better taken *after* breakfast.

"Lots of blood let this morning," said a warlike Teuton as he stuffed his mouth full of sausage. I shuddered, and took another sip of cognac.

As we proceeded on our way, I found this murderous youth walking by my side.

"Have you ever fought a duel?" asked I innocently.

"*Ach Gott! ja*," said he; "I am going to fight one this morning."

What was he going to fight about?

Well, one night, as he was sitting quietly in a *café*, a couple of students entered, "beautifully drunk" (so he put it). They naturally



HE KNOWS WHAT IS AFOOT.

excited some attention, which was of course resented. After a few moments one of them staggered up to my companion and said: "You have stared at me—may I request your card?" That was all. What a curious thing this sense of honour is!

"But what would an Oxford undergraduate do if a stranger stared at him rudely?" asked my companion.

I was vainly trying to deprecate his politely disguised contempt at hearing that the undergraduate would not thirst for the stranger's blood, when the sound of voices and the clink of glasses warned us that we were close upon the scene of action.

A few steps out of the path brought us to a small clearing in the wood, where it was evident that something uncommon was going on. At either end of the clearing a large group of students was gathered, with here and there an officer—some standing, some lying on the turf, most of them with the inevitable and omnipresent glass of beer by their side. As soon think of playing "Hamlet" with the Prince of



"LOTS OF BLOOD LET THIS MORNING."



THE FACTOTUM.



ONE OF THE LATE COMBATANTS.

Denmark left out as crack a joke with a friend or cross swords with an enemy without a beer-barrel in the midst!

As we were exchanging greetings with an acquaintance at one end of the enclosure (the group at the farther end being composed of members of the opposing *Verbindung*), we had time to look about us at the curious scene.

In the background, before a huge portmanteau filled with swords, gauntlets and other implements of war, was the factotum of the *Verbindung*, who seemed as much at home in deeds of blood as of beer. Close by was the doctor, with one of those mysterious cases of evil-looking instruments, his sleeves tucked up and a blue apron

round his waist. How like a butcher he looked!"

The first duel was just over, but, as one of the spectators told me, it was not worth seeing—no blood to speak of; the duel had been suspended by the doctor on account of one of the men having a weak heart. Just then one of the late combatants came up to us; he had only one piece of sticking-plaster across his nose, and was quieting his nerves with a pipe. He looked pleased that it was over, much more pleased than the man who was now preparing for the slaughter. The latter, under the hands of

various attendants, was gradually undergoing a marvellous transformation. Having stripped to the waist, he was first enveloped in a large white gabardine. Next his throat was protected by bands of thick cloth, wound tightly round and round until it seemed well-nigh impossible for him to move his head. The front of his body was then covered with what looked very like a drop-sical cricket pad on a large scale, extending from the chest to the knees. The sword arm, from the wrist to the shoulder, was then padded and bandaged to three times its natural size, and the hand guarded by a thick leathern gauntlet. Lastly, a pair of spec-



HOW LIKE A BUTCHER HE LOOKED!

tacles, rimmed with metal, protected the eyes. The *Schläger*, or duelling-sword, is then placed in his hand—a nasty-looking weapon about a yard and a quarter in length, quite blunt but for about ten inches at the end, where it is double-edged and as sharp as a razor. Thus accoutred, our hero, being the challenging party, walks slowly forward to the middle of the ground, his right arm, which must be terribly heavy, supported by the *Fuchs*, or junior freshmen of the *Verbindung*, and surrounded by his comrades and admirers.

Meanwhile the same elaborate preparations have been going on at the other end of the ground, and in a few moments the men are standing opposite each other, the one small and lithe, the other a stout, heavy man, with the head and neck of a bull. Each man has his second, also partially protected by padding, who stands close by him on the left, with a blunt sword in his hand. Between the two, but at a safe distance, stands the umpire. Just behind is an attendant with a basin of water, a sponge and a chair, while the doctors hover round the group like vultures scenting slaughter from afar. The buzz of conversation in the ring is immediately hushed as the umpire calls, "*Silentium, zur Mensur!*" and announces that two members of such and such *Verbindungen* will fight for fifteen minutes. Then one of the seconds gives the word to cross swords; and as the two figures in the middle stand with right arms high in the air and swords crossed, the other second cries "*Los!*"



OUR HERO.

and off they go. The strokes, coming entirely from the wrist, rain down so rapidly that it is almost impossible for an inexperienced eye to follow them, but as each one is guarded one hears the sharp thwack of the sword as it descends harmlessly on some part of the padding of the shoulder or throat. Suddenly a small tuft of hair seems to spring from the big man's head. "*Halt!*" cries his opponent's second. The swords are instantly struck up by the seconds, and the umpire steps up to examine the head. It was a close shave, but the skin is whole, so they start again. The men are now getting terribly excited. Breathless and panting, they slash away at each other; and it is no easy matter for the seconds to stop them at the word "*halt.*" Each round lasts on an average about ten seconds, for the men are stopped on the



A SMALL TUFT OF HAIR.

slightest suspicion of a wound; and if blood is found the umpire scores the point in his note-book.

At the end of ten minutes neither is seriously cut, although the faces of both are nearly covered with blood from numerous scratches and small cuts. But at last the little man's sword finds its way round to his adversary's left ear. In a moment the word "halt" is given, and the former brings his sword back to the first position. But the other, apparently carried away by rage and excitement, brings his sword with all his force across the little fellow's head, slicing off a piece of the scalp about two inches long and one broad, and sending it flying over our heads.

The stroke was received without the movement of a muscle; but the little man had to be carried off for repairs, and the duel was ended. His opponent was next morning challenged by six of the wounded man's friends for his breach of the laws of duelling.

I may also mention that the missing piece was found after some search and restored to its owner, after having been handed round for inspection. This is why I am so particular as to its size.

While the wounded hero was sitting and smoking his long pipe under the doctor's hands, the two next combatants were getting themselves trussed for the slaughter.

It was, indeed, hard to recognize in the stuffed and padded figure which stood practising sword-cuts in the air my friend R., who, by-the-bye, looked far more like a mild-eyed curate of High Church tendencies than the most inveterate *Pauker* on the Rhine. Curiously enough, he had not a scar upon his face.

During the first few minutes of the duel "halt" is cried several times, but nothing comes of it. The strokes are of terrific force, for both men, from constant practice, have wrists of steel; but every blow is completely guarded, and turned off on to the hilt or shoulder-padding. At last the curate's sword just skims the cheek of his adversary, and seems to draw across it, with its razor edge, a thin, thread-like line, which in an instant has broadened out into a terrible gash.

His reverence has drawn the first blood. At the end of ten minutes he has repeated the operation four times. The face, neck and gabardine of the other are covered with blood, and his supporters at every interval are freshening him up with sponges. Our ecclesiastical friend has only two slight scratches on his forehead. The wounded man is now, of course, fighting against tremendous odds, but, nevertheless, he pegs gamely on, until suddenly he misses his guard completely, and the whole side of his cheek is laid open from



A HALT.

the upper lip to the ear, and two teeth are cut clean asunder. This, of course, disabled him, and the doctor stepped in and stopped the duel; but, before separating, the two combatants shook hands with the heartiest goodwill, and, I doubt not, will have another turn before the year is out. But it is not the least remarkable part of the spectacle to see the beaten man,



AS THOUGH HAVING HIS HAIR CUT.

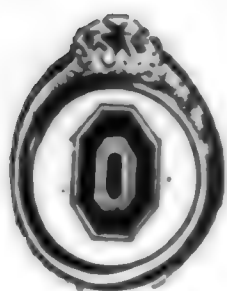
while the doctor sewed, patched, tied and bandaged him up, sitting quietly in his chair without a murmur or a sigh, as nonchalant and unmoved as though he were having his hair cut.

Such was the "quiet and gentle passage of arms" which took place one summer's morning, in the year of grace, eighteen hundred and eighty-six.

Revelations of a London Pawnbroker.

No. 4—Young Mr. Focelyne.

By PAUL SETON.



ON a fine spring morning, immediately after the doors of my establishment had been opened for the resumption of business, a gentleman, still attired in evening dress, entered, and pulling off a magnificent emerald ring from his finger, requested the loan of fifty pounds. Now, emeralds being very ticklish stones to deal with, and the would-be borrower presenting a somewhat unusual appearance, my manager deemed it prudent to consult with me before advancing the money. I was in my private office, counting the cash from the previous day's business—and here it is necessary for the purpose of this narrative that I should enter into a little technical detail.

It is the custom in the pawnbroking trade to balance accounts at the termination of every day. This is absolutely necessary in order to ascertain the precise position of the cash, more especially where a large "low" trade is done. In the case of what is called the "auction," or higher-class trade, it is not quite so imperative, but in the whole course of my long experience I have never yet come across a P.B. who did not follow out this salutary practice, be his business high or low. It is done by placing on the left-hand side yesterday's cash, the amount redeemed, with interest thereon, and the sales, with the profits therefrom. Percontra there is the day's cash, the lent, goods bought and bills paid. These should

balance, and show the day's business at a glance.

Upon the entrance of my manager I discontinued my occupation, leaving the money scattered in little piles all over the table. A careful examination of the ring sufficed to convince me of its value, but as the circumstances seemed rather out of the common, I directed the gentleman to be shown into my room, proposing to ask him a few questions before completing the transaction.

He was a handsome young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, with light curly hair and slight moustache. His delicate, oval face, and slender, tapering fingers, with perfect, filbert-shaped nails, betokened that he was of gentle birth, while his dress, though crumpled and disarranged, was of an elegant and expensive character. But his features were pale and haggard, and I at once guessed that he had passed the night in one of the fashionable gambling hells which were, alas, only too numerous in the immediate neighbourhood. My surmise turned out to be perfectly correct.

"This is a very charming stone, sir," I observed, by way of introduction. "I suppose you have had it some time."

As a matter of fact, of course, I hadn't the slightest idea whether he had or no; but the remark served its purpose—that is, it afforded him the opportunity of saying something both about the ring and himself. But he was not disposed to be over communicative.



REQUESTED THE LOAN OF £50.

"Not a great while," he replied, in a somewhat hesitating voice; "it was given to me by—a friend."

"Indeed," I remarked, with a swift glance at his face; "and an exceedingly handsome gift, too. I should imagine there are very few more perfect stones of the kind in existence."

"Yes," he returned, in the same hesitating way. "So I have been given to understand."

"Have you any idea of its real value?" I inquired.

"I have been told about three hundred pounds," he answered, with an uneasy attempt to appear indifferent.

This was unsatisfactory. His reply as to the value was correct enough, but his manner was so embarrassed that it was impossible not to feel a considerable amount of suspicion. I determined, therefore, to speak out frankly at once.

"You will pardon me," I said, "but you must easily see that it is a very unusual circumstance for an unknown gentleman in evening dress to pledge a valuable emerald—almost a specimen stone—worth, at least, three hundred pounds, at nine o'clock in the morning without vouchsafing a single word in explanation, either as to himself, or his ownership of it. I am afraid, therefore, I shall have to tell you that I cannot accommodate you in the matter."

The blood mounted hotly to his cheek as I expressed myself thus unceremoniously, and for a moment or two he appeared to be deliberating the propriety of giving me the information I required, or taking his ring and his departure instead. The former course, however, ultimately recommended itself to him.

"As you insist, sir," he said at length, "I have no alternative but to tell you who I am, and why I require the money at this early hour of the morning. My name is Francis Jocelyne, and my address is 194, Portland Place. My father, Sir William Jocelyne, is, as you may possibly be aware, one of Her Majesty's Under Secretaries of State in the present Government. I have, I am sorry to say, been foolish enough to spend the night gambling at the Lurline Club, and not only have I lost all the cash I had with me, but I owe fifty pounds in addition. I am anxious to pay this at once, though they are quite willing at the Club to take an I O U. You see, if this should happen to reach my father's



WE CAME THIRTY POUNDS SHORT.

ears there would be no end of a row, so I want to have done with these fellows altogether. That is why I wish to pledge this ring, which was given me by a friend whose name it is quite unnecessary to mention. I hope you will find this explanation sufficient."

Young Mr. Jocelyne's story was simple enough, and to my mind bore the obvious stamp of truth. I saw no reason for refusing the loan, and walking to the other end of the room, I called down the speaking-tube to my manager, and directed him to draw out the usual agreement. In a few minutes the transaction was completed, and, wishing me a very good morning, my new client took his departure.

That night, when we balanced the accounts, we came £30 short. We went over the figures again and again, re-cast the "lent," re-reckoned the "bills" and re-counted the cash, but all to no purpose—£30 short we were, and £30 short we seemed likely to remain. Those of my readers who happen to know anything of the trade will readily understand how very unpleasant a thing of this sort becomes, and how all the assistants feel themselves more or less under a slur until the error is discovered and rectified. But in this case no error could be detected, and therefore the accounts could not be rectified. At last I closed the books. I suppose my face showed my annoyance, for my second—the principal assistants

are known as first, second and third—said rather deliberately :

“ Well, sir, I don't think the mistake is this side of the counter. Did you leave Mr. Jocelyne alone at all with the cash in your office this morning ? ”

I turned round sharply upon him. “ What do you mean, Henry ? ” I said angrily. “ Do you mean to insinuate that Mr. Jocelyne stole the money ? ”

“ I insinuate nothing, sir,” replied Henry, as he prepared to put away the books ; “ but I must say I don't see any other way of accounting for the deficiency.”

“ Henry,” I observed severely, “ you are a fool. Mr. Jocelyne is a gentleman, and therefore incapable of such an act. You had better take a walk and endeavour to clear your addled pate a bit before going to bed, and pray let me hear no more of such nonsense on the morrow.”

“ Thank you, sir,” said Mr. Henry sarcastically. “ I'll take your advice. Yet I think I can remember your having said more than once that a gambler is never to be trusted, as he will do anything for money when he is pushed into a corner.”

This speech annoyed me exceedingly, and I was at no pains to conceal my anger. “ Henry,” I replied, “ you forget yourself strangely to speak to me thus. Who told you Mr. Jocelyne was a gambler ? ”

My assistant muttered an apology, adding that it was merely a surmise on his part, and left the shop in some confusion, as I thought. Revolving the matter in my mind afterwards, I inclined to the opinion that I had been somewhat too harsh with him, for, if the idea that Mr. Jocelyne was a gambler had occurred to me, why should it not to him likewise ? But the next morning I was destined to a great surprise.

The police are in the habit of issuing every day a list of lost and stolen property, which is circulated amongst the various Metropolitan pawnbrokers and jewellers, so that they may be enabled to at once stop any article which may be wrongfully tendered to them in the course of business. As was my wont, I took up the list immediately on its arrival, and the first thing which caught my eye was a precise description of a superb emerald ring, answering in every respect to the one which I had taken in the previous day from young Mr. Jocelyne. That the

owner set especial store by it was evidenced by the unusually large reward offered for its recovery—no less than one hundred pounds. This was an exceedingly unwelcome discovery, but, of course, my duty was plain. Within an hour after reading the notice, I was sitting in Inspector Bennett's private room at Scotland Yard, telling him all I knew about the case.

Mr. Bennett listened to my tale with his customary air of abstracted attention, and when I had finished, observed that it was a nice morning for a walk ; would I care to stroll across the park with him and smoke a cigar ? Knowing something of Mr. Bennett's peculiarities, I made no demur, and a few minutes later we were sauntering through St. James's Park, enjoying the fresh morning air and a choice havana at the same time. We were nearly at the other side of the park before my companion thought fit to utter a single word, but I could see from the way in which he kept chewing the end of his cigar that his mind was by no means idle the while. At length he turned to me abruptly, and said :

“ Mr. Stephens, do you really think that young fellow stole your thirty pounds ? ”

“ I am sure I hardly know what to think,” I replied. “ If he didn't, I don't see where else it can have gone to ; yet he is about the last person in the world that I should have suspected of such a paltry theft.”

“ You say you never left him alone in the office ? ”

“ Not for a moment. Yet stay,” I exclaimed, as I suddenly remembered, “ when I called through the tube to have the agreement prepared my back was turned to him for at least a minute, and that was quite as bad as leaving him alone in the room, wasn't it ? ”

Bennett's only answer was a sardonic grin. He could undoubtedly be very provoking when he liked, could Bennett. As he did not seem inclined to say anything further, I took occasion to ask him if our walk had any particular destination.

“ Yes,” he replied suddenly, and I fancied his face grew a shade sterner as he spoke ; “ we are going to Belgrave Square, to call upon the owner of the lost ring.”

“ And who may that be ? ” I enquired, with pardonable curiosity.

“ A gentleman of whom you have

doubtless heard before—the Marquis of Avondale."

I certainly, like most other people, I suppose, had heard of the Marquis of Avondale before, and what I had heard of that nobleman did not redound, by any means, to his credit. In fact, his lordship was popularly believed to be an epitome of all the vices; and in this instance, at any rate, the popular judgment could scarcely be said to be altogether at fault. However, his lordship's vices or his virtues—if he had any—were no concern of mine, and we walked on in silence until we arrived at the house. Bennett, after enjoining me to say as little as possible, and to take my cue from him, rang the bell, and in a short space of time we were ushered into the presence of the Marquis.

Whatever the reputation of the Marquis of Avondale might be, he was unquestionably a most courtly gentleman, both in appearance and address. He was about sixty years of age, with hair slightly turning grey, and clear, sharply-cut, closely-shaven features. His erect, military bearing displayed his tall, aristocratic figure to the best advantage, while his speech was singularly free and agreeable. There was one thing, however, which I noticed, and which impressed me rather unfavourably, namely, when his lips smiled his eyes not unfrequently declined to follow suit—a refusal which struck me at the time as a bad sign. But his manner left nothing to be desired.

"You have come from Scotland Yard, I see," said his lordship, looking at the card which Bennett had sent in. "You wish to see me in reference to the ring?"

"To tell your lordship that we believe we have discovered its whereabouts," replied Bennett impassively.

"So soon! Now that is really very smart on your part," observed his lordship, with an engaging smile. "I had no idea that Scotland Yard could be so sharp, although I knew its power was great. You must allow me to congratulate you."

"Your lordship is mistaken," said Bennett, in the same calm, emotionless tone; "we deserve no credit whatever in the matter. If any is due, it belongs rightfully to this gentleman," indicating me with a sweep of his arm.

"Ah, indeed! Is that so?" exclaimed his lordship, turning his head in my direction. "Then I have to thank Mr. —"

"Stephens," I suggested, seeing that he paused and looked to me to supply the omission.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Stephens. I am exceedingly obliged to you. And now will you have the goodness to tell me all about it?"

I glanced at Bennett, who answered in the most matter-of-fact way, "Really, my lord, there is very little to tell. Mr. Stephens is a well-known West-end pawnbroker, and he believes that yesterday morning he advanced a sum of money upon your lordship's ring to a gentleman who is an entire stranger to him."

"How singular! But why the belief



THE MARQUIS OF AVONDALE.

merely? Surely Mr. Stephens must know whether he did so or not."

"Your lordship forgets that the ring has not yet been identified. It may not be the same one after all. We must proceed by degrees, you know," said Mr. Bennett, with a faint approach to a smile.

"Very true," assented the Marquis readily. "But there is very little room for doubt if the ring answers to the description I gave of it. It is unique, and its fellow does not exist in the world."

"The probability is that it is the same," observed Bennett slowly. "Will your lordship kindly inform me how it came to be lost?"

"Upon my word," answered the Marquis, with a little laugh, "I have almost as little to tell you as you have to tell me. The day before yesterday I gave a small dinner party. When I went to my room in the evening to dress the ring was safe in its case: the next morning it was gone. Then I gave notice to the police. That is all."

"Your lordship did not wear it, then, during the evening?"

"No, I did not. I seldom do. I am not over partial to jewellery of that hue. It is an odd fancy of mine, but I have always regarded green as an unlucky colour."

"Yet I believe your lordship sets particular store by this ring."

"I do, on account of its associations. I should be very sorry to lose it altogether, and hence the somewhat large reward I offered for its recovery."

"And your lordship has no idea how it went—no suspicions?"

"None that I care to express in words."

"The servants —"

"All as honest as the day, I believe."

"H'm! May I inquire if it was a large party?"

"No, indeed. Quite small—only four."

"Just so. All personal friends, I presume?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the Marquis outright this time, only I noticed that his eyes remained as steadily fixed as before, taking no part whatever in his merriment, "very cleverly put, upon my word, Mr. Bennett. I see you would like to know who they were."

"I should be glad of the information, my lord, if you have no objection," replied the perfectly unabashed Bennett.

"Certainly. I will give it to you with all the pleasure in the world. The party comprised Lord Kentigern, the Hon.

Spencer Fitzgerald, Sir Marsden Quilter and Mr. Francis Jocelyne.

At the mention of the last-named I could not forbear a slight start of surprise, at which Bennett frowned severely. Was it entirely imagination on my part, I wondered, or did the Marquis really lay peculiar emphasis upon the name of Francis Jocelyne? I was still wondering when Bennett rose abruptly.

"Very well, my lord," he said quietly, "I will return this afternoon with the ring, which will doubtless be easily identified, and I shall then have to await your lordship's further instructions."

Before the Marquis could make any reply to this, the door opened and a young girl entered the room. I question if ever the eyes of man rested upon a more lovely picture. Barely eighteen, with an exquisitely delicate face, the perfect contour of which was admirably set off by the wealth of golden hair which sparkled and gleamed in the morning sunlight, she looked a veritable vision of beauty, fresh from some dim and shadowy realm of fairy-land. No words of mine, indeed,

could render anything like justice to so charming an apparition. Seeing strangers present, she paused near the entrance, as if hesitating whether to advance further or retire. The Marquis settled the matter for her with one of his usual engaging smiles.

"Come in, Ella," he said softly, "you will not be intruding. These two gentlemen have merely called in reference to the emerald ring that is unfortunately missing."

The young girl seemed strangely perturbed by these words, simple though they were.

"Have they found it?" she exclaimed with undisguised eagerness. "Was it really stolen? Oh, pray tell me all about it!"



A YOUNG GIRL ENTERED.

"Well, yes," replied the Marquis blandly, "these gentlemen believe that it was pledged early yesterday morning for fifty pounds."

The girl gave a little cry of horror, and her excitement visibly increased. "And who is suspected of having done this vile thing?" she demanded.

"A young gentleman in evening dress, I believe" replied the Marquis. And then, reddening slightly, he turned towards Bennett and said, "At least, that is what you observed, I think."

"Your lordship is quite right in the description," answered Bennett grimly. I simply looked on and said nothing.

The girl stamped her foot passionately on the floor. "Come, tell me right out who it is," she exclaimed.

"His name, you mean," replied the Marquis reflectively, turning once more to Bennett. "Let me see—I don't think you mentioned any name, did you?"

Bennett's face was a study in stolidity just then. "No, my lord, I don't think I did," he answered with great solemnity.

"But I know whom you suspect," said the girl, with another passionate stamp. "You have as good as told me before. It is Mr. Jocelyne. I tell you," she continued, with a sudden outburst of indignant scorn that was magnificent, "it is a base lie—a cruel, wicked lie! There is some infamous conspiracy in all this, and, as sure as I am a living woman, I will get to the bottom of it somehow," and she flashed a withering look at the Marquis that was sufficient to have annihilated him on the spot. Its only effect, however, was to make him turn a trifle paler, and he answered soothingly, as though deprecating her anger:

"My dear child, believe me you are exciting yourself very unnecessarily. Whatever my suspicions may have been, I have kept them strictly to myself. I am not aware that I have even hinted at Mr. Jocelyne's name—though," he continued, speaking very slowly and deliberately, "if it should unfortunately turn out that he is the culprit, I am afraid it will be very difficult to save him from the consequences of his folly now, as the matter is in the hands of the police."

During this scene the girl seemed to have grown older all at once—to have developed suddenly, in fact, from a girl into a woman. There was a lofty dignity in her quiet, "Very well, my lord, we

shall see," as she swept from the room, and left us once more alone with the Marquis, that was exceedingly impressive. Then Bennett said calmly:

"I think, my lord, we will be going now. And, perhaps, it will be as well if I send the ring round for identification by one of Mr. Stephens's assistants this afternoon, instead of coming myself. I presume you intend to let the law take its usual course?"

"I suppose I must," replied the Marquis, apparently speaking with considerable reluctance: "you see, as a member of one of the great law-making chambers of the country it would hardly be consistent either with my duty or my dignity to compound a felony. My ward, Miss Ella Athelstane, will, I am afraid, be exceedingly indignant with me for not doing so; but I trust she will ultimately perceive that I am only acting as becomes one in my position. But perhaps you will be good enough to call here again to-morrow morning and report progress; and we can then finally decide what is to be done."

And after promising to do so, Bennett and I took our departure.

"Well, and what do you think of Mr. Jocelyne now?" I ventured to inquire at last of my companion, after we had proceeded some distance on our return journey in solemn silence.

Bennett shook his head and uttered a dissatisfied sort of growl. "I'll tell you what I think of the Marquis, though," he said, throwing away the end of the cigar he had been smoking, and speaking with, for him, surprising animation: "I think he's an out-and-out bad sort, and if he hasn't got a very considerable finger in this Jocelyne pie, well, I'm a blithering private detective, that's all." And this seeming to him such an exquisite joke—for Mr. Bennett had none of the ridiculous belief in the impossible private detective, so fashionable at the present time—he burst out into one of his peculiar internal chuckles, which lasted until we arrived once more at the Yard, when he immediately became serious again.

"I'll endeavour to see Mr. Jocelyne during the day," he said, as we parted, "and look you up in the evening and let you know the result. I always think in a case of this sort it's best to go at once to the fountain head: there'll be plenty of time to beat about afterwards if necessary. I must say that so far I don't quite see

my way clear before me, but I guess that'll be all right later on."

When Bennett talked like that I knew very well from past experience that the case was by no means likely to prove so simple as it appeared at first sight. Immediately I reached my establishment my manager informed me that during my absence Mr. Jocelyne had called for the purpose of redeeming the ring, but had been politely requested to wait and see me before doing so, as I wished to speak to him about it; that after waiting half an hour, he had expressed his regret that he couldn't stop longer; and hailing a cab, had driven off, apparently in considerable haste.



"I'M A BLITHERING PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

"Well," I said jokingly to my manager, "at any rate, I hope we sha'n't come thirty pounds short in the accounts to-night." At which my manager laughed, and said he hoped not, too. But we did, and worse. This time it was no less than fifty pounds. Things were really getting serious. At last we found a clue. Mr. Jocelyne while waiting, had asked my manager to give him change for a fifty pound note, which he readily did. That note was not now among the cash, neither had it been passed away in the ordinary course of business; the assumption being, naturally, that Mr. Jocelyne had laid the fifty-pound note down on the table, had received his

change, and then, seizing an opportunity when my manager's attention had been diverted by something else—for it appeared that Mr. Jocelyne had made himself very agreeable during his stay, and had been talking politics largely—had contrived to repossess himself of the note unobserved. Of course, first the possibility and then the probability of this theory was fiercely opposed by my manager for some considerable time, his chief opponent being the second, Henry; but at last there was a decided consensus of opinion that it must have been so—the justice of which consensus was shortly afterwards considered fully established when Mr. Bennett arrived on the scene with the news that Mr. Jocelyne had suddenly left for the Continent, and that the date of his return was exceedingly uncertain. That was, as Mr. Henry forcibly put it, "a regular clincher."

"Well, what do you make of it now?" I said to Bennett, after I had invited him into my private office to try a glass of old Chateau Lafitte and a cigar. "It certainly seems clear enough to me that he is really the guilty party after all, though I was taken by his appearance and story at first. Both seemed so natural."

"H'm," ejaculated my companion, looking by no means pleased, "we haven't seen the end of it all yet. If it wasn't for the Marquis, I might have believed him guilty; as it is, I don't."

"You don't!" I exclaimed in astonishment; "and why not, pray?"

"Because the Marquis evidently wants to fix the guilt on him, and in his anxiety to do so made one or two little slips of the tongue this morning. Don't you remember how he told Miss Athelstane the ring had been pledged for fifty pounds?"

"Yes," I replied helplessly, "but so it had, of course. I don't see anything in that."

"Well, I do," replied the astute Bennett, assisting himself to another glass of claret. "How came he to know the amount it was pledged for? You never mentioned it, and I'm sure I never did."

"Ah!" I managed to get out, "I never thought of that."

"And then there was another little thing. Who told him, pray, that young Mr. Jocelyne was in evening dress at the time? Neither of us, I'll swear, and yet he knew all about it. Now that's funny, isn't it?"



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT NOW?"

I was fain to admit that it was.

"Well, then," pursued the inexorable Bennett, "look at the emphasis with which he pronounced Jocelyne's name, and his evident anxiety that Miss Athelstane should think he was acting generously by the unfortunate young man in not having openly expressed his suspicions before. I tell you," continued Bennett, bringing down his hand heavily on the table, "there's some devilry in all this, and what we've just got to do is to find out what it means."

"Certainly," I assented; "but what do you propose to do? The ring has now been identified, and everything points to the supposition that Mr. Jocelyne took advantage of his position in the house on the night of the dinner-party to enter the Marquis's room and commit the theft unobserved."

"Well, the first thing I propose doing is paying a visit to the Lurline Club."

"The Lurline Club!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; "why, what on earth are you talking about? You would never get admitted; and besides, what would you do when you got there, supposing that possible?"

"Oh, I shall get in fast enough, I warrant," replied Mr. Bennett confidently; "and what is more I shall get you in too."

"Get me in too!" I repeated sarcastically: "thanks very much, Mr. Bennett, but I really am not in the habit of visiting gambling hells, and I certainly do not

intend commencing at my time of life. I am much obliged to you for your generous offer, but I must beg you to excuse me this time."

"Nonsense," replied Bennett, affably, "it won't do you any harm, if it doesn't do you any good, and we may pick up something useful after all. You really never can tell at these places."

After much demur, I eventually consented to accompany him, and shortly after eleven o'clock we presented ourselves at the portals of the Lurline Club; and, after some parleying with the porter, and more with a gorgeous individual resplendent in diamonds, we found ourselves duly admitted to the building.

The Lurline Club, like most of its class, was exceedingly brave in showy decorations. The walls of the principal gambling saloon, into which we were speedily ushered, were covered with questionable French paintings, in which art was always subordinate to colour and taste completely submerged by sensuality. The upholstery was of that peculiarly rich crimson so much affected by such places as to be almost their specialty. There was a glittering bar at the further end, at which champagne could be easily obtained for the modest payment of one guinea per bottle. Scattered about the room, and hanging over the various tables, was the usual crowd, one half of which was composed of well-known men about town, who obligingly acted as guides, philosophers and friends to the other half, which was made up literally of all sorts and conditions of men. The big glass chandelier in the centre diffused a soft, mellow glow over the whole scene, which was by no means so revolting in appearance as such interiors are sometimes depicted.

Almost the first person I saw on entering the room was my second assistant, Henry, busily engaged at a roulette table. Our eyes met simultaneously, his complexion changing at the same time to the colour of dirty straw. Muttering some excuse to those around him, he hastily rose from the table, and, before I could intercept his progress, had made good his escape from the room. I pointed him out to Bennett, who smiled grimly. "That's where your eighty pounds has gone, I reckon," was the only remark he vouchsafed, but it was quite sufficient. I, too, now began to believe in the possibility of the innocence of young Mr. Jocelyne.

Strolling about the saloon, Bennett kept his lynx eyes employed to their fullest extent. No one present escaped their vigilance, and each person in turn was subjected to the severest scrutiny. At last their gaze seemed to rest particularly on two individuals sitting at a little round table, with a bottle of champagne before them. Close by was another little table, at which Bennett seated himself, and, calling for some wine, began talking earnestly to me about his deuced bad luck at play, how he had lost one hundred pounds the night before, wondering if Smitheren would win the Derby, and so forth, until the two men at the other table, who had at first suspended their conversation on our taking seats so near to them, convinced of our pre-occupation and general harmlessness, went on as if they had never been interrupted.

One was a tall, elderly man, with iron-grey hair and a closely-shaven face, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the Marquis of Avondale, but who clearly manifested, by his speech and bearing, that he certainly was not that distinguished ornament of the aristocracy. The other was a much younger man, with a slight tendency to baldness, and a heavy, black moustache, at which he kept nervously tugging from time to time. They spoke in low tones, but we were able to follow their conversation without much difficulty. The elder of the two was the first to speak.

"I tell you, Mardie, it's no use saying the money can't be got. It simply has to be. Why, man alive, the mare will win the Oaks as easily as I swallow this glass of champagne," suiting the action to the word.

The young man addressed as Mardie admitted that it certainly did look a good thing.

"Good thing!" scornfully repeated the other, "why, such a chance won't occur again in a year of Sundays. It's an absolute cert. So, you see, we must get

the money at once, or we shall be having the market running away from us."

No reply being made to this, save a gloomy shake of the head, he went on with increasing vehemence.

"You've got no pluck, Mardie; that's where the trouble is. Why, if I were as thick in the ribs of my noble cousin as you are, I'd have the cash in less than four-and-twenty hours. Hang me if I don't pass myself off for him one of these fine days," he continued, with a coarse laugh. "I'm like him enough, I'm told, though he does disown me, curse him."

"I've told you before," replied Mardie, "that I went to him again to day, and he positively refused to let me have another shilling until this affair of Jocelyne's is settled. Told me that I should be more careful; that he had given me two hundred and fifty pounds the day before, and that I should have the remainder when the bargain was completed. And I couldn't get him to budge an inch from this anyhow."

"Ah! it's a great pity you fooled that money away here last night. But why didn't you put the pressure on my noble relative?—threaten him, and all that sort of thing?"

"So I did, but he only laughed. Said I daren't; it would be too dangerous, and I hadn't the pluck to attempt it."

"Well, he's about right there, I believe," observed his companion with a sneer. "But I tell you once more, you don't handle my precious cousin in the right way. Now, if you were to go to him and say, 'See here, my most noble Marquis of Avondale, if you don't feel inclined to comply with my very reasonable request for a little of the superfluity of your worldly abundance, I'm off straight to Sir William Jocelyne, to whom I shall relate the surprising history and adventures of an emerald ring, and I'm con-



HE HASTILY LEFT THE ROOM.

vinced he'll listen to my story with much pleasure and interest.' If, I say, you were to do this, you'd see Avondale tumble off his lofty perch like lightning, and be only too happy and willing to oblige you in any reasonable way."

"By Jove! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mardie, visibly brightening up. "I'll try it on to-morrow morning, and if he sticks his back up, by God, I *will* go to Sir William and tell him the whole story, for I'm hanged if I like the job at all. If I hadn't been so mixed up with Avondale, I'm quite sure I wouldn't have had anything to do with it. It's a precious shame. When Jocelyne sent round the fifty pounds and the voucher to me this morning, with a letter saying he was just off to Paris on some governmental business for his father, and thanking me ever so much for my generous assistance, 'pon my soul I never felt such a sneak in all my life." And Mardie grew very red in the face, and tugged harder at his moustache than ever.

"Never mind that, old boy," replied his companion, slapping him encouragingly on the back. "You go and do what I tell you, and you'll get the cash fast enough. I'll see you here to-morrow evening, and then we'll get on the gee-gee as sharp as we can. Ta-ta, old chappie; mind you stick to your guns." And with this parting admonition, he departed, humming a popular tune. His example was shortly afterwards followed by Mardie, for whom the play seemed to possess no attraction, at any rate that night. Bennett and I having learnt all that we were likely to learn, and a great deal more than we anticipated, likewise hastened our departure, and therefore just missed the tragedy which took place in the saloon in the early hours

of the morning, when one man was shot dead and another mortally wounded, and which ultimately led to the closing of the Lurline Club.

"Well, we've heard a good deal," I remarked, as soon as we got into the street, "and I, at any rate, know now what became of my eighty pounds; but I must confess I don't see my way very clearly, even yet."

"Bah!" ejaculated Bennett, snapping his fingers derisively, "why the thing's as clear as mud now. But I don't mind saying that if we hadn't been heavily in luck to-night we might never have been

able to prove young Mr. Jocelyne innocent. It just *was* luck to drop across Sir Marsden Quilter in the very nick of time."

"Sir Marsden Quilter!" I exclaimed; "was that Sir Marsden Quilter? Why, he was one of the Marquis's four guests, wasn't he, the night the ring was said to have been stolen?"

"He was so; and what is more, I'll have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, out of him before I'm twelve hours older, or my name's not Bennett."

"I suppose you knew him well by sight?" I remarked, as my companion, who was in high spirits at the sudden turn affairs had taken, lighted a cigar of extra large proportions.

"Never saw him before in my life," was the unexpected reply, accompanied by a huge cloud of smoke. "As I tell you, it was real luck we've been having to-night, for we hadn't the ghost of a clue to go upon, and if we hadn't gone to the Lurline, and if I hadn't been attracted by the remarkable resemblance of that tall man to the Marquis, I'm sure I really don't know where we should have been."

Ah, there's great virtue in an "if"



"MIND YOU STICK TO YOUR GUNS."

sometimes—especially in the hands of a clever man like Bennett.

At eleven o'clock next morning I met Bennett, who was accompanied by Sir Marsden Quilter, looking wretchedly pale and ill, at the Marquis's house in Belgrave Square. His lordship seemed considerably surprised and annoyed at the presence of Sir Marsden, and inquired sharply what he had to do with the business in hand. Bennett took it upon himself to answer; and during his speech the Marquis changed colour so frequently that I could not help mentally comparing him to some new species of chameleon.

"I think, my lord," began Bennett, in that dry, matter-of-fact way he was wont to assume on certain occasions, "that when you have heard what I have to say you will admit the propriety of Sir Marsden's presence here this morning. We have discovered a good deal during the past twenty-four hours; and perhaps it would be just as well if I were to briefly state what these discoveries are. In the first place we have found out beyond doubt that your lordship's emerald ring was never stolen by Mr. Jocelyne at all; but that, on the contrary, it was given by your lordship on the night of the dinner party to Sir Marsden Quilter in discharge, in some part, of certain important services rendered. After leaving your lordship's house, Sir Marsden and Mr. Jocelyne went together to the Lurline Club, where the latter was a heavy loser. Finding himself at last in debt to the extent of fifty pounds, he requested Sir Marsden to lend him that amount, which Sir Marsden was unable to do, but offered instead to let him have the emerald ring, telling him that he could easily borrow fifty pounds upon it and thus settle his gambling debts at once. Mr. Jocelyne being a novice at this sort of thing, and being very anxious to get clear of the gang which surrounded him without delay, thankfully accepted the offer. Later on, Sir Marsden applied to your lordship to advance him a certain sum of money, and being reminded that it was only the previous night he had been presented with a valuable ring, at once explained what he had done with it. I am sorry to say the only inference that can be drawn from the events which followed is that your lordship, in giving notice to the police of the supposed loss of the ring, must have known very well that the circumstantial evidence against Mr.

Jocelyne would appear so strong as to leave scarcely any reasonable doubt of his guilt in the minds of most people. That, I think," said Mr. Bennett, with the air of an able lawyer concluding an important speech for the defence, "is all, but it is amply sufficient, I take it, to prove Mr. Jocelyne's innocence beyond all question."

"This is an infamous proceeding," began the Marquis, with a very white face, but still struggling hard to maintain an outward show of composure; "and some of you shall be made to suffer severely for the part you have taken in it. The whole story is absolutely false from beginning to end —"

"No, indeed, it is not," came suddenly from another part of the room, and turning round in surprise, we saw that Miss Athelstane had entered unperceived during the progress of Bennett's speech. She looked divinely beautiful as she stood there, with flashing eyes and heaving breast, in bold defence of one who, I was not surprised to learn, was her affianced lover.

"No, indeed, it is not false," she repeated, "for I was concealed behind the curtain in the library yesterday when you saw Sir Marsden, and I heard every word that passed. Gentlemen," she continued, turning to us, "all of what has just been said about my guardian is, unfortunately, only too true. Ever since he became acquainted with my engagement to Mr. Jocelyne, who will bitterly regret his absence on this occasion when he hears what has taken place, he has done everything in his power to break it off and force me into a hateful marriage with himself. Does not this document, which I only found among his papers last evening, prove beyond doubt that he would hesitate at nothing to effect his wicked purpose?"

The paper which she handed us was indeed of so damning and incriminating a nature that I sometimes even now catch myself wondering how such a clever and unscrupulous man of the world could have been so foolish as to keep it by him a single instant longer than was absolutely necessary. But the wisest rogues are often the greatest fools, and so it was in this case. The Marquis stood revealed before us in all the nakedness of his true character—a villain of the first water—and no amount of social whitewashing

could ever restore his tarnished reputation in the eyes of decent living people.

But unfortunately, like too many other villains in this world, he never got his true deserts. He held his head as high, and continued to make laws for the benefit of his virtuous and respectable countrymen, as though he were one of the most moral and patriotic of men. Miss Athelstane subsequently married the object of her choice, and the voice of the Jocelyne, or rather the voices of the Jocelynes, were heard in the land for many a day to come. I trust this latter happy fact will be con-

sidered to atone, in some measure, for the villain of this veracious history, unlike the villains of romance and the drama, getting off scot-free. Sir Marsden, deeply repentant for his share in the disgraceful transaction, gave up acting as the Marquis's jackal forthwith, settled down quietly, got married, and ultimately became quite an exemplary member of society. And, as a further satisfactory item of intelligence, I may mention that Henry bolted to Australia, where he was eventually hanged for sheep-stealing. Which last piece of information I consider peculiarly gratifying.



Young England at School.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

"Hæc Studia Oblectant."

VIEW FROM PLAYING FIELDS



GREAT HALL.

QUADRANGLE.

CHAPEL.

IT was a most delightful day when our artist and myself decided to pay a visit to Clifton College, and, taking a cab to Paddington Station, we were soon in possession of a cosy corner in the famous Great Western Railway Company's main line train. To the tick of the clock the guard signalled the engine driver, and we were quickly dashing through the west Metropolitan suburbs. Slough, Twyford and Maidenhead were soon left behind, for we were truly travelling at a marvellous pace; but the wonderful ease and steadiness with which the carriage was running was quite misleading, and the rate at which we were covering the ground could be only estimated by the almost instantaneous rush we made through the intermediate stations. A slight pause at the great biscuit manufacturing town was soon followed by

another at Swindon, from which we ran without a break to Bath. As we slowly approached the station, we could not help remarking upon the prominent position of the company's line in this lovely city, and the magnificent view the passengers obtain when travelling over the Great Western system through this district. Bath for a long time was the gayest of watering-places in the kingdom, and is still one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, nestling in a well-wooded valley, and built of fine white freestone, or oolite, obtained from quarries in the vicinity. The springs of Bath have been famous for many centuries, and are even said to have been known as far back as the first century to the Romans, who had a station there, called *Aquæ Solis*. Another ten miles brought us to our destination, a fine open station, which, as a structure, would rival

some of our railway companies' headquarters in London.

Bristol is a noble cathedral city, one of the chief seaports in England, and a centre of Western commerce. Of the city we saw but little, for our destination was Clifton, or rather its noted College, which we soon reached by the aid of a four-wheeler.

Clifton is a favourite residence of wealthy Bristolians: it is built on the sides and summit of lofty cliffs (from which it derives its name) of carboniferous limestone, overhanging the Avon, and rising, in St. Vincent's Rocks, to the height of three hundred and eight feet. The river, which is here navigable to the largest vessels, is spanned by a suspension bridge, seven hundred and two feet in length and having an elevation of two hundred and seventy-five feet above low water. This marvellous structure is better known to Londoners as the old Hungerford Bridge, which is supposed to have done good service years ago by striding our Father Thames. The mineral springs of Clifton and its beautiful scenery made it, as early as the eighteenth century, a favourite watering-place, which it continues to be, though I believe the spa has now declined in favour.

Cliftonians are indeed fortunate to receive their education in such a lovely, healthy and unique spot, considering they are in such close proximity to a large commercial city.

The College buildings, as will be seen from our illustration (showing the pile from the playing fields, which is the first view we got, coming from Bristol or from the Clifton Downs) are indeed grand and most imposing; and should you happen to visit on a half holiday, which was our luck,

the whole College and grounds present a most animated spectacle, for the whole of these playing-fields are covered with young and old Cliftonians, playful as kittens, the majestic group of building standing in the back-ground, rendering the picture one of noble importance.

Clifton College, which is only thirty years old, cannot boast of ancient associations or time-honoured traditions, no famous old carvings or desks and chairs bearing the names of statesman, generals or poets.

All these have yet to come, but in the comparatively short space of its existence it has built up a reputation that has placed it amongst the Public Schools of England.

Although previous attempts had been made to found a college in Bristol without success, Clifton College was founded in 1860 to meet an obvious need. In 1831 there was established a "Bristol College," and, considering its short career of only ten years, it turned out several distinguished scholars. As Bristol College closed its doors in 1841 a "Bishop's College" was opened, which also terminated

after ten years, so that for some years there was no public school at Clifton.

In April of 1860 several influential citizens of Bristol, including the mayor of the city, John Bates, Esq. (who officiated as chairman), met in the house of Mr. H. S. Washborough, to consider the advisability of establishing a college at Clifton, which was the stepping-stone of the Clifton College Company, Limited.

The scheme received unanimous support and the Provisional Committee having satisfied themselves as to the possibility of purchasing the site (closely attached to the Zoological Gar-



REV. M. G. GLAZEBROOK, M.A., HEADMASTER.

dens and consisting of twelve acres of land) on advantageous terms; a council was appointed; the deed of association prepared, and the company duly incorporated on September 13th, 1860.

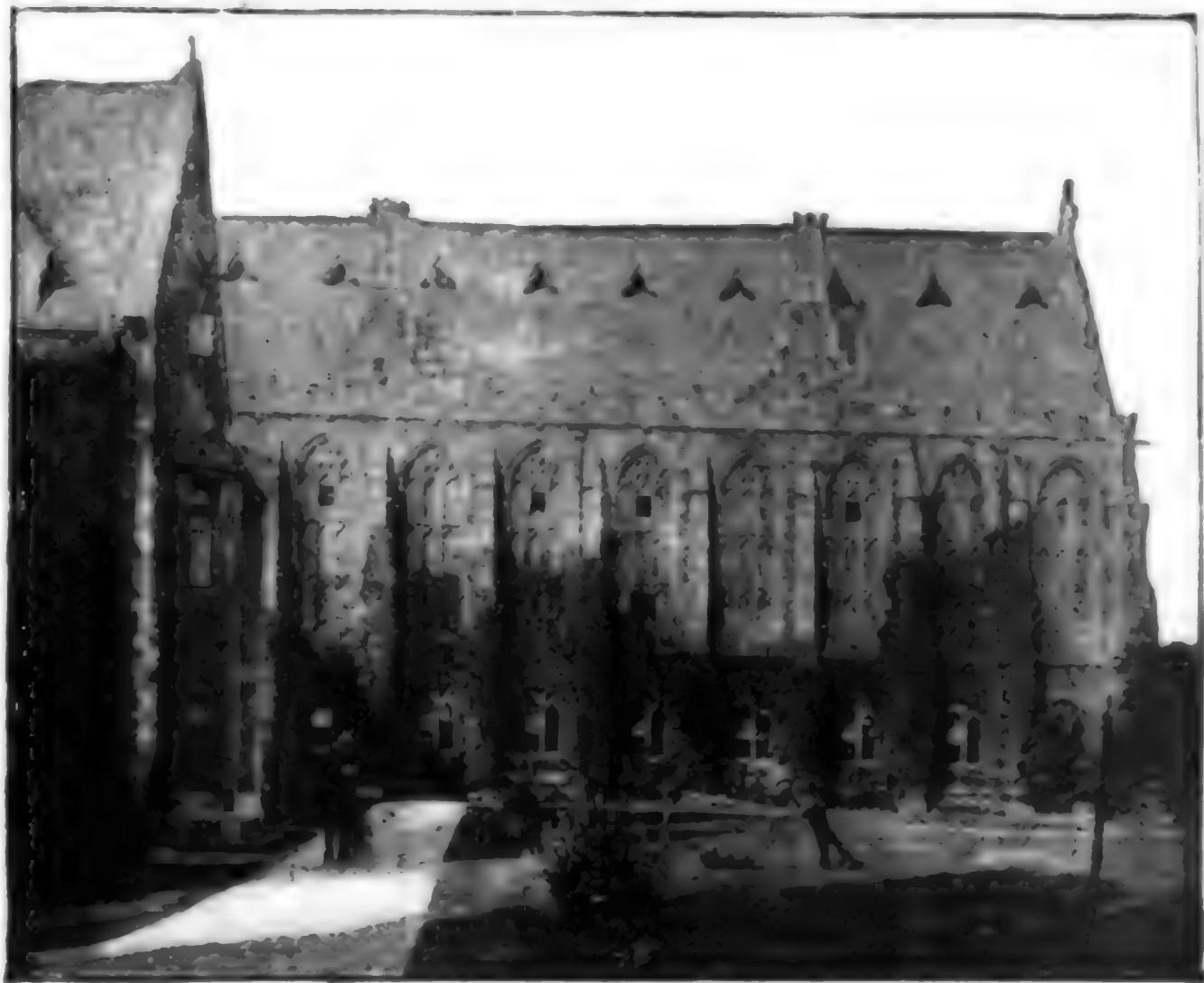
Twelve months later, a preliminary school was opened under the Rev. T. H. Stokoe and Mr. Blackader, and thus a nucleus of a school was being formed, ready to be transferred to the new buildings as soon as they were opened.

The first Head-mastership fell to the lot of the Rev. C. Evans, previously the Fifth Form Master of Rugby, but shortly before the date fixed for the opening of the College, Mr. Evans was elected to the Head-mastership of King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham, where he had himself been educated. His resignation was read with the greatest regret, but a worthy substitute was found in the Rev. John Percival, M.A., who had also held an assistant mastership at Rugby and who after an absence of twenty-five years from his old school, now holds the reins of office at Rugby.

The College was formally opened on Tuesday, September 30th, 1862, at 11 a.m. The boys numbering sixty, occupied the front benches at the opening service in the big school, assisted by the Cathe-

dral choir. The Head-master preached a most effective sermon to a vast congregation of friends of the College, and thus was Clifton Educational Establishment launched on, what has now proved its successful career.

The executive were no doubt fortunate in obtaining the services of Dr. Percival, for it is mainly due to his unceasing hard work and self-privations that the College has been placed on the sound basis that it now occupies. Although suddenly called to take office, Dr. Percival soon obtained the respect and regard of both masters and boys. The school, in the short space of two years, quadrupled its numbers, and continued steadily to increase; means of more fully satisfying modern requirements in scientific and other teaching



GREAT HALL AND SCHOOL HOUSE, FROM HEAD-MASTER'S GARDEN.



ARCHWAY TO QUADRANGLE.

he suggested, and were added, the library, the museum, and other valuable educational appliances were provided (some at Dr. Percival's own cost), and, in short, every means were taken towards obtaining for the school ample breadth and the highest excellence in education; and that not for a passing advantage, but with the full purpose of securing for those under his care the best possible training, and for the College the definite and assured position of a great public school.

After sixteen years' hard work with most valuable results at Clifton, Dr. Percival was offered, and accepted, the post of President of Trinity College, Oxford, and such a great loss, it can be readily understood, was deeply felt by the Council. Still, fortune smiled on the College, for the seat vacated by so faithful a master as Dr. Percival was most fittingly occupied by the Rev. James Maurice Wilson, late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had passed a distinguished University career (being senior wrangler in 1859), and had been most prominent as a successful teacher and house-master at Rugby. Mr. Wilson, proved a most popular mas-

ter, and his name will ever remain a monument in Cliftonian history.

Mr. Wilson had the love of all at the College; and to follow such a ruler we can imagine was no easy task.

This, however, fell to the lot of the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook, M.A., who has now been in office two years, and bids well to prove quite equal to the occasion. When I arrived at the College I soon found myself ushered into the presence of the principal, who made us most heartily welcome.

Mr. Glazebrook, who, by the way, brought with him an excellent reputation from Manchester Grammar School, personally conducted me over part of the school, and throughout the school-house where he resides and cares for some seventy-five boarders. With pride, I was shown the neat and pretty studies of the boys, together with the house dining-hall, dormitories, and last, but not least, the unique little sick-rooms and house library. From the affectionate terms in which Mr. Glazebrook spoke to me of both his assistant-masters and the boys under his charge, it was very evident he was taking



MUSEUM AND LIBRARY.

most kindly to the College and those around him; and with this vein running through the whole school, it can only be expected that Mr. Glazebrook's term of office should be as successful as his predecessors'.

The most important event in the history of the college is, unquestionably, the granting to the college of a Royal Charter. The success attained by the college made it apparent to the Council that, if it was to maintain its position as a public school and be secure against its revenues being used as a source of proprietary profit, it was pressingly necessary that some great change should take place in its constitution. The shareholders surrendered such proprietary rights as they possessed for the permanent benefit of the college. On March 13th information was received that the Charter had gone to the Home Office for completion, and that the warrant to affix the Great Seal had been signed by Her Majesty. The Charter, which bears the date March 16, 1877, was shortly afterwards received, bringing with it a great change in the status of the school.

A new scheme was drafted by which the following should be the main lines of new constitution :



SICK-ROOM IN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

1. A new college to consist of Life Governors and Donors, on a plan similar to that which has proved eminently successful at Marlborough.

2. A payment of £50 to be the qualification of the Life Governors.

3. The Life Governors to elect the governing body, and to enjoy during life the privilege (not transferable) of always keeping one boy as nominee in the College, in respect of each £50 subscribed.

4. Donors of £15 or £20, as may be determined, to have the right of nominating one boy for each donation.

5. The Council to have power to admit boys at an extra fee of £5 per annum in lieu of a donation.



A DORMITORY.

The oldest portions of the School buildings are those shown in our view taken from the Head-master's garden, the School-house and Big School, which, with an open five-court, were considered sufficient to start the College. A few years later, during a hard frost, the roof of Big School caught fire from a wooden plug left in one of the chimneys. By dint of great efforts of masters and boys the fire was got under without much damage; but many old Cliftonians, no doubt, will remember this little incident.

How this College has grown during the past thirty years can be well imagined from our

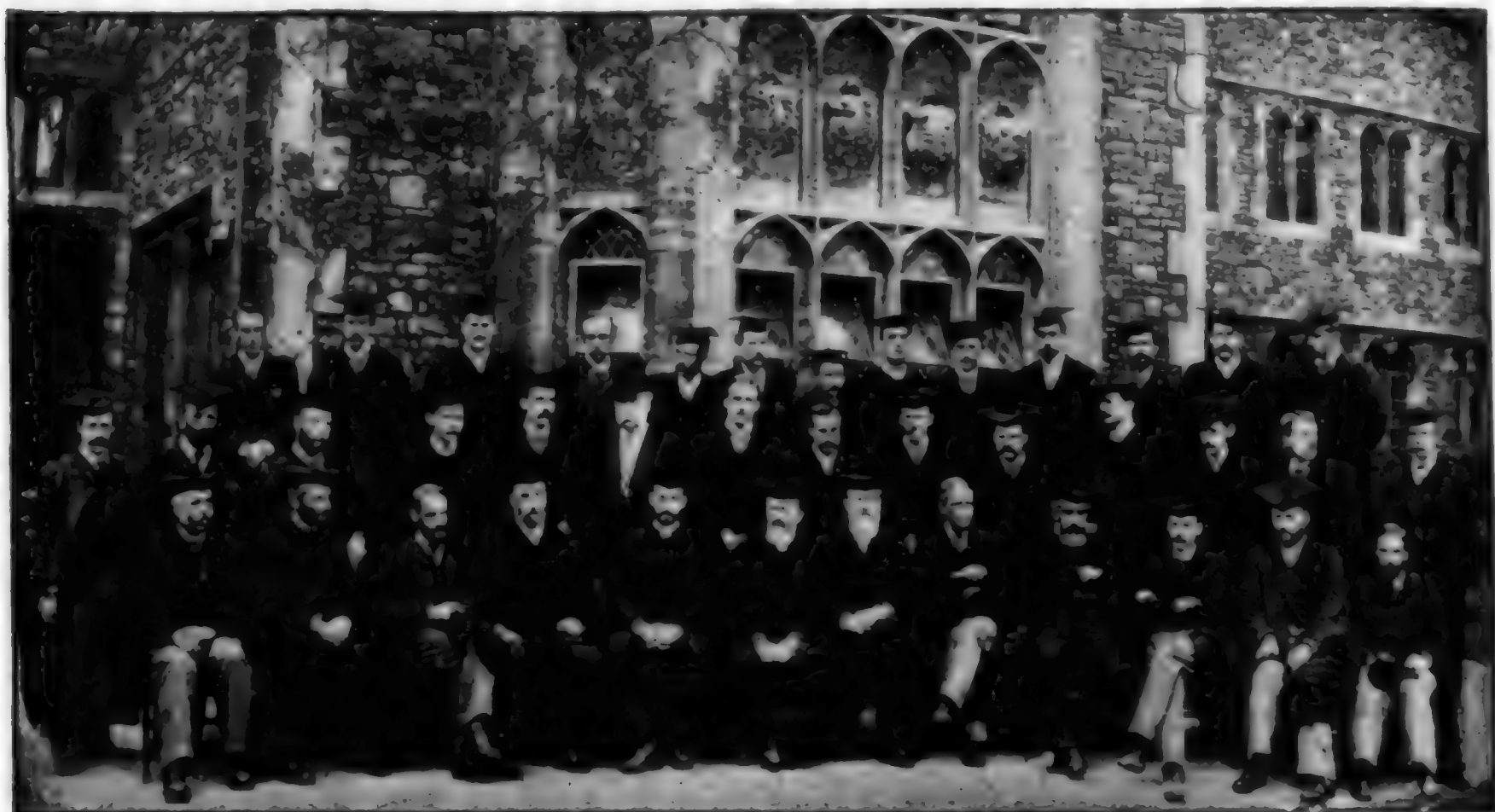
illustrations. Take for instance, the view of the College from the playing fields.

The Head-master's house, or School house, we miss here, as the group commences with Big School. Attached to these, we now find a beautiful pile of buildings connecting the Big School and the East Wing and Chapel, known as the Percival Buildings, built and dedicated to the memory of Dr. Percival's association with the College; these provide class rooms on the ground floor, and cloisters; while the floor above is wholly devoted to the Library and Museum, which are both very excellent; the former, well stocked with literature, and with a capital bust by Woolner of Dr. Percival, the donor of the

sixth form room, very handsomely panelled in walnut, while the lower one is devoted to the Council.

The Chapel is, perhaps, one of the most important buildings in our group, inasmuch as it was graciously given to the Council by a widow lady, Caroline Guthrie, in memory of her husband, the Rev. John Guthrie, M.A., Vicar of Colne and Canon of Bristol, the first Chairman of the Council of the College.

Mrs. Guthrie laid the foundation stone of the building, December, 1865, but her charitable act she did not live to see completed, as she died the following April; so that it remains a joint memorial of her who gave it and him whose name it was



GROUP OF MASTERS.

Hall, is a favourite retreat for the elder boys; while the latter is unique in its arrangements and contains a valuable collection of curiosities.

At the end of the Percival Buildings and adjoining the east wing, stands proudly and prominently, the Wilson Tower. As will be seen from the illustration, it is a very fine piece of architecture, while inside it is equally handsome. It was named after the second Head-master, who was himself a very generous contributor, and was subscribed for by masters and old Cliftonians.

The tower contains three rooms, the topmost being a science lecture-room, more commonly known as the "Crow's Nest"; the middle is apportioned as the

intended to honour. The interior compares most favourably with the best school chapels, after Eton, and in many instances out-rivals them; and should the proposed scheme be carried out to still enlarge it, I doubt if any other public school chapel will compare with Clifton for second honours.

Like other schools, Clifton has its Armoury, Racquet Courts, Gymnasium, Bat Fives-courts, large swimming-bath (open), grub shop, work shops and confectioner's shop.

The chemical laboratories and lecture room are all much as at other schools, while the drawing school finds a place over the porter's lodge and "grub shop," and the junior school at the rear of the



"TUCK SHOP."

chapel. One great feature at Clifton is the town boys' quarters, a small but ample building divided to accommodate the south town and the north town residents, or "townites." By meeting every day, formally and informally, in their town rooms, and thus having much intercourse with one another, they have by now acquired the status and the united feeling of an ordinary boarders' house. To each house there is a master to superintend. The day boys are subject to all the same rules, as to locking-up times and bounds, as the boarders, and this, together with the town rooms, keeps them together and out of the mischief that surrounds boys who live in such large towns as Bristol.

At Clifton, however, the townites earn an equal position with the boarders, whereas at some schools the boarders look down upon day-boys.

A very important school institution is that of evening preparation. A certain number of boys are allowed to prepare their work in their studies. This privilege depends upon a boy's form and weekly place in the form; the rest have preparation in the house hall, under the superintendence of a preparation-master. This duty is undertaken partly by the house-tutor.

The resident house tutor has from the first been an institution in the School House. His duties are to assist the House Master generally; but more particularly, to take share in the preparation, and to take special charge of some private pupils,

As other houses were established, their masters had to get help for the preparation.

In course of time, the Preparation Master thus introduced, developed into a resident house tutor.

The tuition is something very different from that which exists at most other schools—Eton, for example. At Clifton, nearly the whole of a boy's working time is spent in school with Form, or Set Masters, consequently there is no time for additional or co-ordinate work done with the tutor. Attempts have from time to time been made to assimilate Clifton tuition, in this respect, to that of Eton or Rugby; but the stress of work infallibly tends to confine the tuition within the limits of additional preparation for form or set work in school.

This tuition is paid for by the Headmaster. Every house has attached to it non-resident tutors, who assist in the ordinary evening preparation, or take pupils in subjects which need special attention; as may be directed by the House-master.



JUNIORS' QUARTERS.

This system of tuition has been, to some extent, adopted in the Town Houses. It will be seen, therefore, that every boy at Clifton, besides his Form-master and Set-master has a tutor, but that the functions of the tutor differ very materially from those of tutors at other public schools.

Although, as I have previously mentioned, there is very little that is historical, there are some very important and some

very peculiar institutions at Clifton. Amongst the most important, I might mention the Musical Society, Choir, Literary Society, Engineer Corps, and the various athletic combinations.

The two most peculiar institutions are the "Sixth Form," and the "Football Caps."

The Clifton Sixth Form appear to me to have more power over their juniors and one another than at any other school; in fact the Sixth Form, and not the masters, govern the whole school. Any offence, that is not of the most serious nature, is punished by them, either singly or in a body, and they are permitted to inflict corporal punishment, and even should they themselves offend, punishment is not inflicted by the masters, but, as a body, they punish each other. A regular number of "fags" is assigned to each Sixth Form boy, and to him these fags come for help in any of their work, performing in return for him the usual duties of a fag. The Sixth Form have a great many duties, and a great many privileges. They have to keep up to a high standard of work themselves, and at the same time to govern the school and help others to work. Perhaps their greatest privilege is being allowed to go out of bounds without



TOWN BOYS' ROOMS.

NORTH.

SOUTH.

leave; and another of almost equal importance is that of sitting up later in the evening (the regular hour for bed being ten o'clock).

The games commenced with football at Clifton in 1862, and as we are now in the thick of this game, and with the willow laid aside,

it is only right I should take this department of sport first.

I soon made myself acquainted with the football captain, A. S. Jackson, who was chatting away to me, and at the same time supporting Wilson's Tower, while our artist photographed the archway leading under it to the chapel and playing fields.

"Mr. Jackson, I should like you to give me some slight explanation of your system of 'football caps,'" I remarked to my young friend.



THE SWIMMING BATH.



H. R. CROSTHWAITE. W. G. GRACE. C. BONHAM CARTER. J. H. CURTIS. E. O. TAGART. A. S. JACKSON.
 J. H. F. MILLS. G. HILDENSON.
 W. W. VAN SOMEREN. J. R. ECCLES. C. L. TOWNSEND.

"Well, the idea originally came from Rugby, though I expect by this time our system and that of Rugby are in many respects different. We have, strictly speaking, no school football colours. There is no school fifteen, but for each house there is a special cap."

"Who has the giving of the caps?" I enquired.

"When the head of a house thinks anyone in his house is worth his 'cap,' he goes to the head of the school and the representative of football, and asks their opinion. Should the two latter be of his opinion, the 'cap' is awarded.

"Twenty-two caps are given on an average each year, and fifteen of these (not necessarily the same fifteen) represent the school in all its matches. The head of the school in work is *ex officio* captain of football, the object of this being to keep the control of the football in the hands of the Sixth Form."

"He who has had his 'cap' longest, is representative of football, and is supposed to represent the interests of football on the Big Side Levée, or School Parliament."

"Big Side Levée is also a somewhat curious institution, is it not?"

"Rather," was the reply. "It is com-

posed of representatives of the School, and decides all athletic questions.

"The head of the School, the representative of football, the captain of the cricket eleven, the captain of the engineer corps and the holder of the challenge cup for running are all *ex officio* members. Then each House has a representative and all the higher forms."

Of course I had previously heard that a son of the famous W. G. was a popular young cricketer at Clifton, and had barely finished with Mr. Jackson, as the football man of the college hailed a tall young man, wearing glasses, by the name of Grace, and introduced me to the Captain of the School cricket. W. G. Grace, jun., I found particularly pleasing and unpretentious, most willing to help in any way possible or stand up for any amount of press boring. Should he only keep these good points, and achieve the brilliancy of his respected parent as a cricketer, he will make many friends.

Taking last season as a whole, Grace considered his eleven had been fairly successful, and quite up to the standard of previous years, although most brilliant victories were once or twice followed by unaccountable breakdowns. Let this be as it is, the record stands well, as out of

nine principal contests, five resulted in wins, two were drawn and two lost.

The eleven was constituted of some very promising young cricketers, two having been selected to play for Gloucestershire in the Clifton and Cheltenham cricket festivals—Grace and Townsend.

J. H. Curtis heads the list of averages with thirty-one runs per innings and a top score of one hundred and eleven. He is a brilliant bat, an excellent field, and bowls with success as a change bowler.

W. G. Grace should make a useful cricketer at Cambridge, for his all-round play at Clifton has proved him an exponent of no mean order. He takes second place in the batting statistics, and heads the bowling with fifty-one wickets, costing only 11·9 runs each.

He is a thorough disciplinarian, and has earned the respect of all his school-mates.

Little C. L. Townsend is the wonder as a bowler, for he has not only terrorised the public school cricketers, but some of our best county batsmen have had to acknowledge themselves beaten by the little Cliftonian.

Clifton boasts of a very excellent Rifle

Corps, which has shone on many occasions at the Public Schools Camp. This past summer term will, no doubt, be remembered by its members, as full of interest, and especially the pleasant field day at Marlborough, the Corps having been invited to take part in the programme of celebrating the jubilee of that institution.

The remaining branches of sport such as fives, racquets, paper chases, gymnastics and swimming, are all prominent features of the Cliftonian's pastime, and I regret not being able to give a few particulars regarding them, as each and every one are equally interesting in themselves.

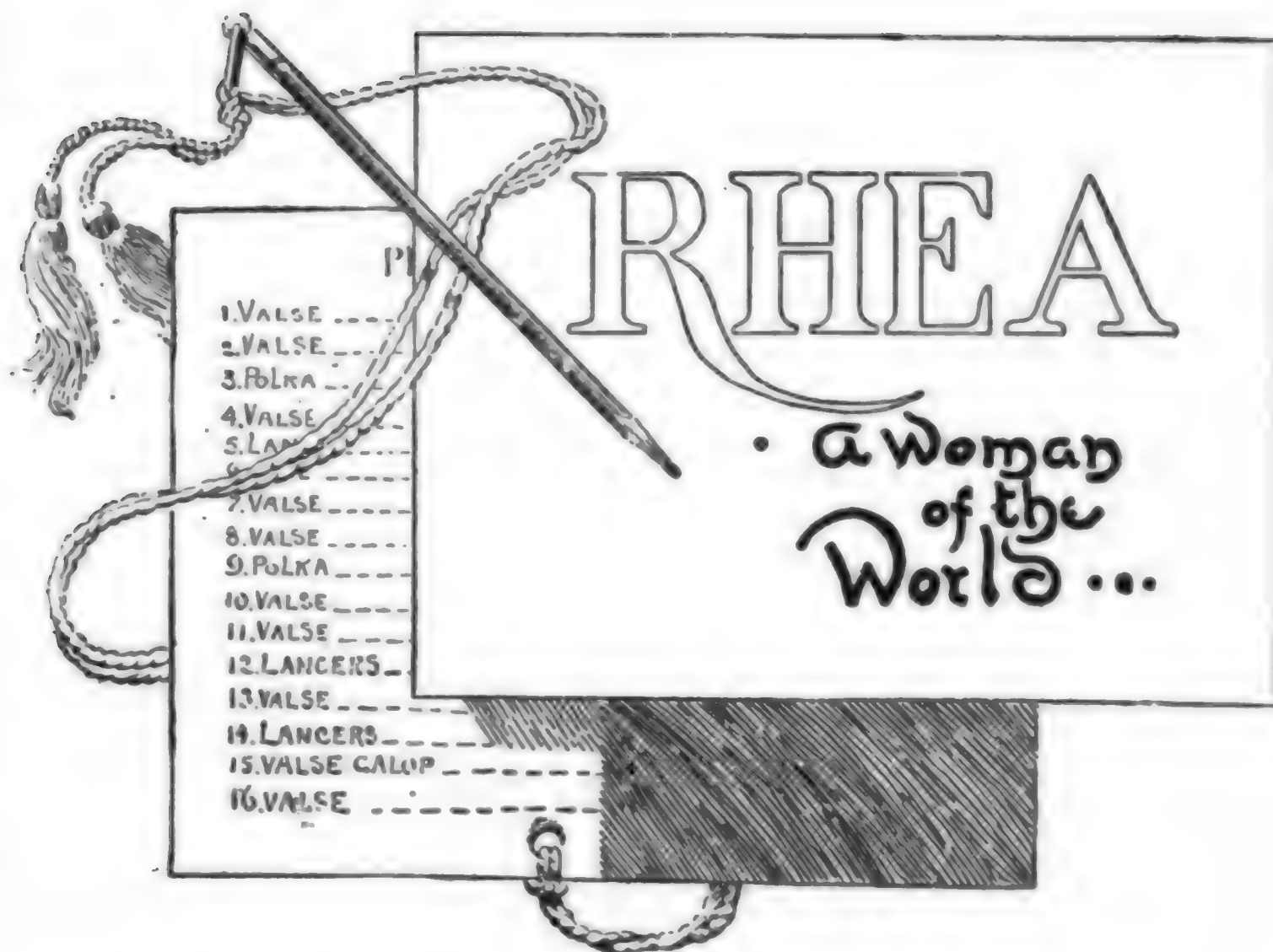
But about these, I trust when our School Chat opens again, the Cliftonian leaders of the various branches of games will send up some "jottings" that will interest our readers of "Young England at School."

W. CHAS. SARGENT.



W. G. GRACE, JUNR., BATTING.
CAPTAIN OF CLIFTON XI.

The Illustrations are from a splendid set of Photographs specially taken for the LUDGATE MONTHLY by Mr. R W. THOMAS, 41, Cheapside, London, E.C., from whom copies of the Originals can be obtained.



By C. L. PIRKIS. Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

"SHE is of the world—worldly, I fear," said the Bishop of St. Cheviot's to his chaplain, with a solemn shake of the head; "however, you may as well bring the charity to her notice; I dare say she will put her name down as patroness and give you a cheque for a good round sum."

"Hm'm," said Lord Chenevix musingly, as from the window of his club he watched Lady Glencross drive past in her neat Victoria, "if they admitted women into the diplomatic service she'd have made a name for herself. It passes my comprehension how that woman has managed to retain the family jewels and her enormous jointure, and yet keep on good terms with every member of the Glencross family—her gouty old father-in-law included. Bless my soul! it seems only yesterday that I saw her in a brown holland pinafore, picking gooseberries in the vicarage garden, and to-day, she is a *persona grata* in the best sets!"

Some persons in society were wont to aver that luck, pure and simple, had been a prime factor in Lady Glencross's career from first to last. Luck, they said, had sent young Lord Glencross hunting over the glebe land; had made his horse throw him just outside the

vicarage door; had broken his leg and kept him for six weeks a prisoner at the vicarage with Miss Rhea Crossley, the vicar's daughter, in sole attendance on him, an attendance that eventually was to bring about the young lady's marriage into the noble family.

Here others would occasionally take up the parable and add: that luck had still further befriended the young lady by killing her scamp of a husband, within a year of the wedding-day, in a railway accident between Neuilly and Paris. And then they would hint at some disgraceful love episode connected with the affair and break off with a smile that seemed to say: "An' if I would I could tell a tale."

Lady Glencross had passed upon herself and her career a slightly different verdict, when some eight years previously she had put off her widow's weeds after wearing them for the conventional two years.

"I live on, the anti-climax to my own story," she had said to herself as she donned her laces and jewellery once more. "From a poetic point of view I ought to have died when my love and my faith in man died. Yet here am I, never more alive than I am to-day; never before more ready to enjoy dress, dancing, opera, play,

yachting—everything! Perhaps, after all, those are happiest who get rid of that troublesome thing called a heart at the very outset of their career, and set themselves to make sensations do duty for it in the future."

"To make sensations do duty for a heart" had sounded very well in her ears. The sentence had a touch of epigram in it. She took it for her text, so to speak, and based her daily life upon its doctrine. She swept her memory clean of all haunting images of the past, of her first early delirium of love, and of her terrible awakening from that delirium when her husband's sudden death placed in her hands, together with his private papers, the records of his dissipations before and after his marriage. She rigidly excluded from her life alike friendships and enmities that threatened to throw roots beneath a surface soil, and filled her days with an easy round—not tread-mill grind—of society pleasures. To be on good terms with all the world (including her husband's relatives) was as distinctly pro-

ductive of pleasurable sensations as it was to be well dressed and generally admired. So she spared no pains to achieve both results. Also a good-natured action now and again was apt to give her soothing, pleasant thoughts when she laid her head on her pillow at night; consequently, she was ready at any moment to open her purse-strings at the call of charity, and not at all unwilling to pose as "my lady bountiful" to the large circle of impecunious relatives whom she had left behind in her upward career.

Thus it came about that when, at the close of her tenth year of widowhood, certain of these relatives wrote to her on behalf of her little cousin, Dulcie Crossley, stating that she had been left well-nigh alone in the world by the death of her parents, and would stand no chance of getting an entrée into society unless she held out her hand, Lady Glencross wrote immediately in reply: "Send her up to me at once, and I will take care that she is well launched."

It had been all very well for Lady Glen-



"OF THE WORLD, & WORLDLY."

cross to congratulate herself on having got rid of "that troublesome thing called a heart." Towards the end of that eventful tenth year of her widowhood, circumstances arose that made her a little doubtful as to whether that desirable result had been attained. Lord Carthewe, an old playfellow and early friend, returned to England after a long period of foreign diplomatic service: the old friendship was renewed, an easy intimacy was maintained, and eventually an offer of marriage was the result.

Lord Carthewe was a man of about five-and-thirty, handsome, distinguished and of refined tastes; his estates were unmortgaged, his reputation without reproach. Yet all that Lady Glencross could find to say to him, in place of the "yes" he so confidently expected, was, "Let me have time to think. I cannot give you an answer now. This day week will be my yearly ball. Come to me at the close of it and I will give you an answer, but, pray—pray keep away from me till then."

An odd request this. It was born of a vague fear lest, after all that had come and gone in her life, she had not the love to give this man that he had a right to expect from the woman he made his wife. The fear grew upon her as the week ran its round. It brought a wail in its wake.

"Ah! if he had but come to me at the first, when my heart was young and fresh and true," she said to herself, as she stood before her mirror, wondering over the shining eyes and bright hair that had refused to endorse the record of her past experiences.

Lady Glencross's ball—the one and only ball that she was in the habit of giving at the height of the season, always marked a red-letter day in the calendar of

ball-goers. Her house in Park Lane was large, and had been altered and adapted expressly for ball-giving, and she spared neither time, thought nor money to render the evening's entertainment a brilliant success. The ball on this occasion was to be made specially interesting by the début of Miss Dulcie Crossley, the little country cousin.

People had been somewhat startled by Lady Glencross's good-nature towards her young relative, and were inclined to read a double motive in it—a wish to set off cultured beauty and town-bred grace by juxtaposition with simplicity and (perhaps) *gaucherie*.



"VIOLET EYES AND WHITE TULLE."

"Muslin sets off brocade and muslin suffers proportionately," they said. "Sweet seventeen cannot hold its own against thirty-one, backed up by Bond Street milliners and family diamonds."

The wiseacres were to be a little out in their reckoning. If sweet seventeen had to go to the wall, it would only be after a neck and neck race; it ran the milliners and the diamonds hard on the night of the ball, at any rate.

"She is all violet eyes and white tulle," was Lord Chenevix's first verdict upon the débutante, as he bowed his introduction to her. Ten minutes later he had something else to say. It was: "She might be a little angel who has somehow fluttered out of Paradise, and can't find her way back! There's no dancing-master in this world who could have given her that grace and elegance, I'll undertake to say. Anything more exquisite than that last round of cotillon I have never seen in any ball-room."

Lord Carthewe was Dulcie's partner in that cotillon. He appeared bent on strictly carrying out Lady Glencross's

wish to the very letter, and, after his first shake hands with her at the drawing-room door, had drifted into the ball-room, and she had only caught an occasional glimpse of him over the heads or between the shoulders of the swaying crowd of dancers.

"Can't make it out—think there must be something up between the two," said young Hartley, of the Lancers, to a tall, slim, smooth-faced young fellow who stood beside him. "Twycross laid me a fiver the match would come off within six weeks—fancy he'll have to pay up, after all."

"I think you and Twycross might find something better to stake your fivers on than a lady's private affairs," answered the young man thus addressed.

He spoke with a hot vehemence, that brought all the blood to his fair, boyish face. It was no secret that Trevor Yorke, aged exactly one-and-twenty, was more than "over-shoes in love" with the fair widow of thirty-one.

Lady Glencross's brocade made a pretty spot of colour against a background of greenery, as she stood for a few minutes watching the dancers. She was a tall, fair, pale woman, with keen, deep-seated eyes, and a pleasant "society smile." She had taken special pains with her dress that night. It was of a delicate shade of salmon-pink, looped back with brown orchids, over a petticoat richly embroidered in silver. Her hair, drawn low on her forehead, was crowned with a diamond tiara, and the Glencross diamonds and emeralds sparkled on her white neck and arms.

That "wind-waved tulip-bed" of swaying, many-tinted dancers, held but one form for Lady Glencross—that of Lord Carthewe.

"How kind it was of him," she said to herself, "to single out little Dulcie in this



INTO THE PLEASANTER ATMOSPHERE OF CORRIDORS AND CONSERVATORIES.

way and show her such marked attention! "How loyal, too, to herself thus to carry out her wishes to the very letter and not distract her by attentions that might retard the answering of the difficult question which, although it had been before her mind all through the week, appeared as far off as ever from being set at rest. Amid all these surrounding distractions it kept its grip upon

her mind.

"Shall it be 'yes,' shall it be 'no?'" she found herself whispering to herself; and to her fancy the band in the gallery overhead caught up the words as a sort of refrain and gave it out in the light valse tune which before had seemed to her wordless.

It was a variant on Marguerite's question to the flower-petals: "he loves me, he loves me not." Lady Glencross toyed nervously with the orchids in the bosom of her dress, half wondering if she interrogated them what answer they would give.

"Lady Glencross," said Lord Chenevix's voice at her elbow; "may I find you a seat? Now, I must compliment you on your little cousin's dancing. I have come to the conclusion that she must have learnt it in some other sphere. Anything more graceful and poetic I have never before seen. They say she has been staying with you for some little time; now tell me, how is it I have never before had the pleasure of meeting her?"

Lady Glencross looked her satisfaction. She liked to feel that little Dulcie did credit to her blood relationship; that, surrounded as she was by some of the best-bred, best-dressed women that England numbered in her aristocracy, she yet shone out as a star among them all. Dulcie, she explained, had been staying with friends in Paris for the past three

weeks; had, in fact, only returned on the previous day on purpose for the ball. Yes, she was graceful; and certainly had improved in her good looks during her stay in Paris. She was glad, too, to be able to say that Dulcie had instincts in the art of dress, and the good dresser, like the poet, must be born, not made.

The cotillon came to an end; the dancers in a stream flowed past into the pleasanter atmosphere of corridors and conservatories.

"Isn't it possible to shake your resolve?"

this foolish boy in hand, and make him fall in love with her. He was, in all respects, a good parti, except for a woman of one-and-thirty—the very match she would desire for little Dulcie."

The tide of dancers, influx and reflux, brought Dulcie to her side, for a brief space, without a partner in her train.

"Rhea," said the girl suddenly and sharply, as if the words were startled out of her, "how beautiful you are! I never knew it till to-night! I do not wonder



"ISN'T IT POSSIBLE TO SHAKE YOUR RESOLVE?"

"Will you not give me one valse—one, only one?" said a voice over her shoulder.

Lord Chenevix drew back to make way for Trevor Yorke.

Something in the young man's voice startled her, yet she could scarcely have said what.

She answered a little coldly: "I dance only by deputy now. You will be fortunate if you can get Dulcie to give you a dance; she is very much in request to-night." And the thought in her mind as she said this was: "Now what a good thing it would be if Dulcie were to take

that ——" She broke off as abruptly as she had begun.

Rhea was a little surprised. "It is very good of you to pay me compliments," she answered. "I think my dress should have some of the credit of my good looks."

Those two made "a picture fair to look on," as, for a few seconds, they stood side by side; the elder woman tall, queenly in her delicately-tinted brocades, and the younger, in her soft, floating white draperies, with her rose-leaf complexion and large up-turned eyes that seemed, to

Rhea's fancy, to have suddenly caught a strangely pathetic expression.

Over their heads hung a life-size portrait of a Glencross ancestress, in early Victorian dress, with hair arranged à *l'Impératrice Eugénie*. The portrait was the work of a notable artist, but the living picture, standing beneath it, so to speak, took all the poetry out of it—modernised it, vulgarised it.

The band recommenced; Dulcie was carried off by an eager partner, and Rhea found her attention claimed now by this person, now by that. The music had changed from the smooth, gliding valse to a sprightly gavotte. All the same, however, to Rhea's fancy, it held the old refrain—there was no silencing it, no getting rid of it. It was in vain that she left the ball-room and went back to the drawing-rooms, the music seemed to follow and haunt her there, with its perpetual iteration of "Shall it be 'yes'—shall it be 'no'?" Beneath the wearisome round of society platitudes, to which she was forced to listen and to reply, she found herself saying to herself vaguely, dreamily: "What is love? What is love? In the old, foolish, girlish days I knew, or thought I knew. But now——" she broke off, mentally shrugging her shoulders at herself.

After a time, the society platitudes began to give place to society adieux—a touch of the finger-tips, or a nod, a smile. The rooms began to get empty; the hall below to become thronged; the roll of departing carriages became prolonged and ceaseless. The music seemed to float into the room in louder, fuller tones now that the hum of intervening voices had ceased; the band had had orders to play so long as there were half-a-dozen couples to stand up on the perfect floor; so Rhea conjectured that the ball-room was not as yet deserted. Here, however, in the empty drawing-room, her presence no longer seemed a necessity. In another quarter of an hour, at farthest, she knew that the last of her guests would have departed; and that Lord Carthewe, sure of finding her alone, would be making his way to her side to receive his final answer. Now, what was that answer to be? Five minutes alone in perfect quietude, to face her heart, to face herself, she felt was an absolute necessity to her.

Outside, over the green park, she knew day was dawning. The cool air of the

morning came flowing in through an open window. That window led into a covered verandah which ran round the side of the house and ended in the ball-room. It was lighted with Chinese lanterns and prettily furnished with lounge seats and big, flowering shrubs. It seemed to suggest to Rhea a cool retreat, where a few minutes of quiet thought could be indulged in.

She took up the thread of her thinking where she had let it go half-an-hour previously. "In the old days," she said to herself, moving slowly, dreamily, amid the big flower-jars and heavily-scented shrubs, "I knew what love was. It was to me, then, just a blind stretching forth of the hands to grasp, and then to hold and to keep against all heaven and all earth. But is it in me now thus to grasp, to hold, to keep——" She broke off abruptly, coming to a standstill alike in thought and movement.

Was that not someone or something moving among the shadows at the farther end of the verandah, where, by a small flight of steps, it led into the ball-room.

A second glance showed that that someone was Trevor Yorke.

"I have been waiting here for the past two hours, to see and speak to you," he said, in a low, nervous tone, as he advanced rapidly towards her. "No, no, not in there!" he added, as Rhea made a step forward as if to pass on to the ball-room. "I must, must see you alone to-night. I am going away to-morrow to Africa, for years, and perhaps for ever, and I must—I will say my good-bye to you before I go."

"Going away to Africa!" repeated Rhea blankly. "Do your people know—do they like the idea?"

"What does it matter to me what they like or don't like," he answered, almost fiercely. Then he suddenly caught both her hands in his, crying out passionately, "Rhea, Rhea, look at me—don't turn your face away! Do you not see that I am broken-hearted?"

He stood beside her, a tall, slim figure, the figure that gives one the impression of having been only just emancipated from an Eton jacket—the swinging Chinese lantern throwing a curious glare of colour on his haggard boyish face.

Rhea made no effort to release her hands, feeling it was, indeed, a good-bye clasp.

"My poor, poor boy!" was all she said, in a pitying tone.

"Yes, always that," he said bitterly. "Always your poor boy—never anything else. You won't give me credit for a man's passion, a man's heart! And when I am gone, you and everyone else will say 'the best thing he could have done! He'll come back cured in a year or so!' But I'm not going away to get cured! No! And I'm not going away because you mean to marry Carthewe, and I can't bear the sight of your happiness. I'm going away because ——" He broke off abruptly, then added, in a quieter tone, "Rhea, do you care enough about me to want to know the real reason why I am

purpose, making her tone as unemotional and matter-of-fact as possible. "You could keep out of my way without leaving England. You were not compelled to follow me about from house to house as you have been in the habit of doing of late. You need never have crossed my threshold again if to do so gave you pain."

"Gave me pain! Do you think I am going away in order to save myself pain?" he cried contemptuously. "Why, I would stand torture—infinite torture in every part of my body just for a five minute's glimpse of you! Rhea, Rhea! don't you see—can't you understand that I am going away, not for my own sake, but for yours, because I won't have you talked about in an intolerable fashion. I have never asked you to marry me. I never would ask you to marry me; I love you too well to ask you to put yourself in what the world would consider a ridiculous position. Two nights ago my mother came to me and told me certain remarks that had been made about you in consequence of my attentions to you; how that people said —— No! I won't repeat the idiotic speeches. When I heard them I said to myself, it is time this was put a stop to; I love her so, I must leave her; I will quit at once and for ever take myself out of her life."

His words had come in a torrent; ended, they left him almost breathless.

Rhea gazed up at him wonderingly. So, then, love might mean something other than a grasping, a holding and a keeping against all heaven and all earth! Sometimes it might mean a leaving and a letting go.

Her hands clasped together nervously. "My poor, poor boy," she began once more.

He gave her no time to finish. He flung himself on the ground at her feet, kissing the hem of her dress, his hot tears falling here and there on its silver embroideries.

"Rhea, Rhea," he cried brokenly, "kiss me once, just once, on my forehead, and let me go!"

Rhea bent forward, parted his fair curly hair, and lightly touched his forehead with her lips.



LEANED BACK IN HER CHAIR DAZED AND STUPEFIED.

leaving home, friends, father, mother—perhaps for ever?"

Rhea released her hands; her rings seemed almost crushed into her fingers with the tightness of his clasp. She was strangely agitated. She sank into a chair that was half-hidden by two big, branching myrtles.

"You have taken me so by surprise, I can scarcely get my thoughts together," she said. "I had no idea that such a thing was in your mind!"

He stood in front of her, with his arms folded on his breast, looking down on her.

"Did you think I should come to you day after day and say 'going, going,' till someone else said: 'gone at last, thank Heaven!'" he asked bitterly.

"But, must it be?" asked Rhea, of set

The chair on which she sat stood immediately beneath a window of one of the smaller drawing-rooms. From that room, at that moment, there came a sound of movement and of voices, as if some persons had just entered it.

Trevor sprang to his feet. "God bless you!" he said, in low, tremulous tones. "Forget me; it is all I have to ask of you now!"

Then, with feet that stumbled as they went, he made his way along the verandah, back to the ball-room once more.

Rhea leaned back in her chair, feeling dazed and stupefied. Here was her question—"What is love?"—answered with a vengeance. She felt as one might feel who, having questioned the oracle, expecting to hear the voice of the priest in reply, hears instead the voice of the god himself.

The heavy, odourous air seemed to stifle her. The clanging of the band had ceased now; the roll of carriages in the street below was getting fainter. The golden-grey of the morning, that filtered in through the interstices of the Venetian shutter, fought with and died hard in the glare of the Chinese lantern over her head. Lord Carthewe, no doubt, was seeking her now in the deserted rooms, in order to claim her promise of an interview. She felt utterly unfit to face him and the momentous question whose answer might contain in itself the making or marring of two lives.

Again the sound of voices came to her through the window beneath which she was seated. In a vague sort of way, she found herself listening to them, without knowing who they were, nor feeling much interest in what was being said, until suddenly three little words, "our last valse," fell upon her ear, in tones that were unmistakably her cousin Dulcie's.

Yet how strangely unlike Dulcie's usual tones they were! The words seemed to be sighed rather than spoken.

Was it possible, Rhea asked herself, that the foolish little maiden had let her heart be taken captive at her very first ball by some possibly ineligible suitor? Now,

who could be the person whom she was addressing in such a pathetic voice—a landless younger son, an impecunious German princelet?

Rhea did not have long to wait for an answer to her question. Slow, distinct and charged with passion, came a masculine voice in reply. "Our last valse! Yes. Life comes to an end for me to-night. Oh! my darling, my darling, why did we ever meet thus, only to part?"

"My darling! my darling!" And the voice in which these words were said was that of Reginald, Lord Carthewe!

Rhea put her hand to her forehead. Was she dreaming—what did it all mean? There fell a silence; then Dulcie's voice was heard again.

"It has been all Rhea's doing from first to last," she said, speaking falteringly and with the sound of tears in her voice. "She made me go to Paris, and ——"

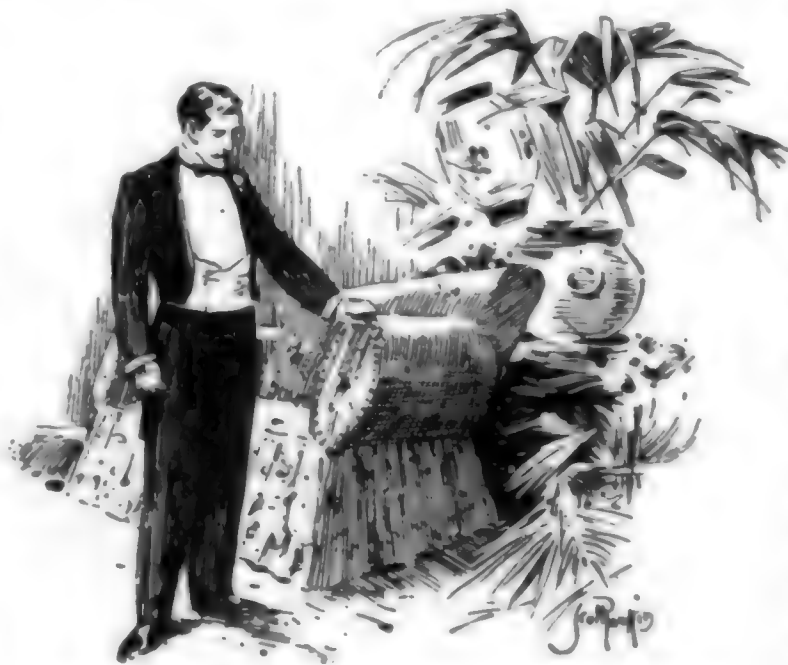
"Yes," interrupted Lord Carthewe, and she forbade me her house for a week, and thus virtually sent me over there to pass the time! Oh, my love, my love! Fate has indeed been cruel to us! I curse these chains of honour, I curse the folly that made me forge them for myself, but it is

utterly, utterly beyond my power to break them!"

Rhea's hand fell limply to her side. Her brain was on fire, yet she felt frozen, benumbed, half-paralyzed.

"Utterly out of his power to break his chains," did he say? Oh, then it lay in her power to keep him true to his spoken word; to "grasp, to hold, to keep him against all heaven and all earth." The Chinese lantern over her head went out with a splutter. The golden grey of the morning poured in now through the half-turned Venetian shutter. One long, narrow ray slanted to Rhea's feet and setting her jewelled shoe-buckles glittering, found out an ugly tarnished spot on the silver embroideries of her dress.

Rhea looked down on it curiously. Left there by a man's tears, was it? And once more there seemed to sound in her



HIS ATTITUDE WAS NOT THAT OF A HOPEFUL OR EXPECTANT LOVER.

ears the passionate, boyish voice saying, "I love her so I must leave her. I will quit at once, and for ever take myself out of her life."

She rose slowly, unsteadily to her feet, feeling less like a living, breathing woman than a walking marble statue.

As she entered the principal drawing-room, Dulcie, with averted face, fluttered across it at the further end and went out by another door.

The rooms showed disordered and desolate now, with their faded flowers and drooping greenery and candles here and there flickering in their sockets as Rhea passed on to the room where she felt sure Lord Carthewe still lingered. Yes, there he was, leaning back on a large settee, in a listless, dreamy attitude, with one hand covering his eyes.

He started to his feet as she entered and began a somewhat disjointed series of apologies.

"It is so late—I fancied you must have retired—I was thinking that, perhaps, after all, you would rather see me in the morning," he said, then broke off abruptly, for the man was too innately true and honest to be a ready fabricator of glib society lies.

Rhea was very white, but her grace of manner had come back to her, together with her sweet, measured-out "society smile."

"Pray don't apologise," she said. "I am glad to be able to save you the trouble of calling to-morrow. I told you, don't you know, that I would give you your answer to-night."

Lord Carthewe drew a step nearer. His attitude was not that of a hopeful or expectant lover. His head was bowed; his fingers were clenched into the palms of his hands with the restraint he put upon himself.

"And that answer is——?" he queried nervously.

"I hope you'll forgive me, I fear it must be a plain, unqualified 'No,'" she answered, her pleasant smile still playing about her lips.

"I have thought the matter well over; I feel sure you will not press me for a reason. I am very grateful for the compliment you have paid me—I hope we shall always be friends. Now, if you do

not mind, I will say 'good-night,' or rather, 'good-morning.' I am very tired—almost tired to death."

It was after this, within six months of Dulcie's marriage to Lord Carthewe that the Bishop of St. Cheviot's passed judgment upon Lady Glencross as a woman of the world, and Lord Chenevix sighed his regrets that a diplomatic career had been denied her.



"I FEAR IT MUST BE A PLAIN, UNQUALIFIED 'NO.'"

Notable Men and their Work.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., and Birmingham.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

BIRMINGHAM enjoys the reputation of being the best governed city in the kingdom. It was not always so, however. There was a time, well within the memory of men still living, when it was one of the worst governed. But, fortunately for it, the hour and the man came, and its municipal existence was revolutionised. The hour was about 1870 and the man was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is practically the maker of modern Birmingham.

Mr. J. Powell Williams, M.P., when I saw him at the offices of the Liberal Unionist Association in Great George Street, Westminster, strongly insisted on the credit due to Mr. Chamberlain for the prominent, nay, the pre-eminent part he has taken in making the capital of the Midlands what it is. The member for West Birmingham is now little associated in the public mind with local or municipal affairs. He fights in a wider arena—his business is the good government of an Empire. Yet no history of Birmingham can be even approximately complete

that does not devote what, to the ignorant, might seem a disproportionate space to Mr. Chamberlain's services in behalf of the Corporation and people of Birmingham. Whoever shall read the "History of the Corporation of Birmingham," by Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, the accomplished editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, will be astonished to learn how much of the town's present prosperity and good government are due to the insight and energy of one man, and the astonishment will be increased when to Mr. Bunce's voluminous testimony is added that of the citizens

generally. Mr. Powell Williams was right in saying that only a local man, a ratepayer and resident, can properly appreciate the benefits conferred upon Birmingham by the Ex-President of the Board of Trade.

"In 1870," said Mr. Powell Williams, taking care not to exaggerate, "when Mr. Chamberlain entered the Town Council, the condition of the town was very far indeed from being what it is to-day. The finances, among the most important," added Mr. Williams with a smile,



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

Photo. by]

[Harold Baker, Birmingham.

"of a city's as of an individual's affairs, were scarcely in a flourishing state. Mr. Chamberlain saw where the defects lay, and at once set himself to remedy matters."

"He carried on the work of reform with his usual energy and capacity?" I suggested.

Mr. Williams answered with an emphatic affirmative.

"It was not so much a reformation as a revolution," he said. "At this time of day it is almost impossible to appraise the value of his work. But Central Birmingham stands as a lasting memorial of



MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.

his sagacity and energy."

The people think of Mr. Chamberlain as an orator and debater rather than as an administrator and organiser. But he is no mere rhetorician. He is never, in Beaconsfield's now famous phrase, "in-ebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." He can "orate," but he does not allow his imagination to run away with him. While, with the single exception of the Prime Minister, he is the best debater in the House of Commons, he is as hard-headed as any man in Threadneedle Street or elsewhere. In-



Photo. by]

"HIGHBURY," MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIDENCE.

[Harold Baker.

deed, he has as good a head for finance as a Jew or a Scotsman, and he is a very Napoleon in the resolution with which he puts his schemes into practice.

Mr. Williams is himself a financier. He did much, as will be seen later on, when he was a member of the Finance Committee of the Corporation. But he declined to talk of his own achievements when describing Mr. Chamberlain's.

"Chamberlain," he said decidedly, "is a name so prominently associated with recent reform in Birmingham that in comparison all others sink into insignificance."

Then he referred to Mr. Chamberlain's exertions and triumphs in effecting the transfer of the Gas and Water Works to the borough; to his efforts in the cause of sanitation, in the sweeping-away of foul and dilapidated streets and the making of new ones; to the vigour with which public buildings went up during the three years he was mayor; and to the almost magical transformation of Central Birmingham that took place during his connection with the Town Council.

But broad statements, as Mr. Powell Williams well remarked, can give little idea of the reforms which Mr. Chamberlain accomplished, and statistics must be sparingly used in this place, for it is an editorial maxim that my particular and esteemed friend the general reader careth not for figures, except, perhaps, the figures of a bank account or a dividend warrant.

It is necessary, however, to give a few salient facts which I cull from Mr. Bunce's invaluable history.

Mr. Chamberlain has always been a foe to monopolies when they interfered with what he thought were the rights of the people. Accordingly, in 1874, while he was Mayor of Birmingham and difficulties cropped up about the gas works, he proposed that the Corporation should purchase them. It was a daring resolution as things then were. For one thing it would at a stroke raise the borough debt from a trivial half-



MR. J. POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P.

Photo. by]

[Harold Baker, Birmingham.

million to five times that amount—a circumstance that in itself gave the timid pause. When Pitt's dazzling policy was piling up the National Debt, Burke was almost the only statesman who did not see

national bankruptcy in the burden that was laid upon the public. He contended that, instead of proving an overwhelming load, as even so sound an economist as Adam Smith feared it might, it would turn out to be a source of strength, and events have fully justified the prediction. Mr. Chamberlain, also, had critics who saw ruin in multiplying existing liabilities by five. But, more clear-sighted than his censors, he persevered, supporting his motion in a speech that is still remembered with admiration for its power and lucidity. After laying down what he conceived to be the true principles of municipal



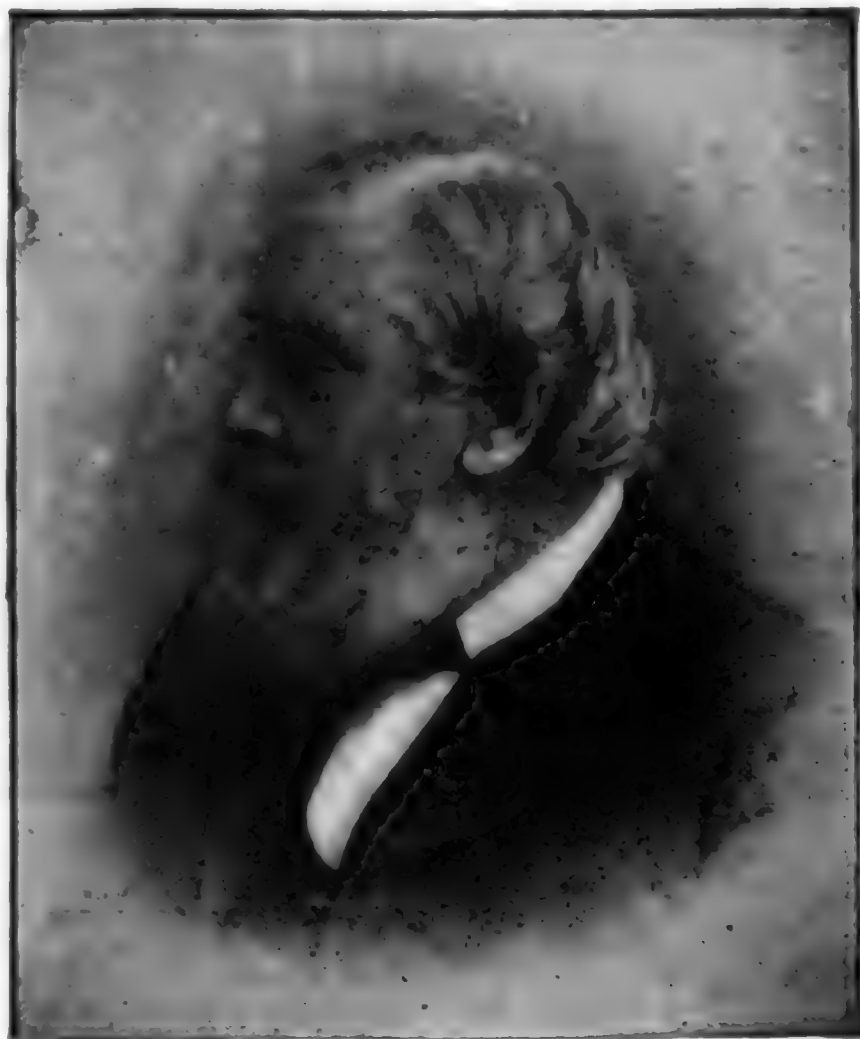
MR. W. KENRICK, M.P.

Photo. by Harold Baker, Birmingham.

government, he went on to say that (I quote again from Mr. Bunce) "all monopolies which are sustained in any way by the State ought to be in the hands of representatives of the people, by whom they should be administered, and to whom their profit should go. He was, too, inclined to increase the duties and responsibilities of the local authority, in whom he had so great a confidence, and would do everything in his power to constitute these local authorities real local parliaments, supreme in their special jurisdiction."

These and other arguments, equally cogent, were adduced in favour of the proposal, with the result that the Birmingham and the Staffordshire Gas Companies passed from private owners to the Corporation.

A similar course was pursued respecting the water works. In 1872 a proposal was made by the Corporation to buy these works; but the directors, knowing what a monopoly was theirs, replied that they were



MR. J. THACKRAY BUNCE, EDITOR OF "THE DAILY POST."
Photo. by] [Harold Baker, Birmingham.

town." He argued with his usual cogency and vigour, inveighing against private monopolies and dwelling upon the necessity of a pure and abundant water supply. He pointed out also that the town was losing heavily by the high rate of interest consumers had to pay. The proposal was approved. A Bill was brought in and passed by the Commons, though the Lords, true to tradition, opposed it. The Company, too, as might be expected, re-

quite satisfied with their property and did not wish to sell. But in the course of two years much may happen, and in 1874, as already stated, Mr. Chamberlain was Mayor. He had not by any means forgotten the water works, and on the first opportunity brought forward a resolution in the Council "instructing the General Purposes Committee to prepare a Bill providing for the transfer by agreement, or for the compulsory purchase, of the water works undertaking for the benefit of the

sented the idea of compulsory sale, but opposition was of no avail. Mr. Chamberlain fought for his measure at every point and stage. He had not then the advantage of a seat in the House of Commons, but he gave valuable evidence in Committee, and at last the refractory Lords yielded to the inevitable. The Bill passed on the 2nd of August, 1875, and the water works, like



Photo. by]

COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM.

[Poulton and Son.

the gas works, passed into the hands of the rate-payers.

Mr. Chamberlain was likewise the chief mover in an improvement scheme which, as I have previously said, has practically transformed the central portion of Birmingham. There was a district of squalor and misery, of dirt, destitution and public-houses—a district that the Council felt was a disgrace to the city. The Progressives resolved on the bold policy of wiping it out. Many eloquent speeches were delivered in support of the motion—Mr. Chamberlain devoting his attention specially to the financial and sanitary aspects of the case. There was, of course, much opposition—there always is, as Mr. Chamberlain's critics are now pointing out, opposition to reforms. But the Radicals were in power, and victory was a foregone conclusion. The Improvement Committee, in referring to the manner in which the Mayor had pushed the matter on, said he had conducted the case "so ably and successfully that, although opposed by eminent counsel on behalf of parties objecting, the scheme, as submitted to the Inspector, has been confirmed by the Local Government Board in its entirety."

They borrowed £1,600,000, bought up property wholesale, rebuilt whole streets, widened others, erected public buildings and generally prosecuted the work of improvement until the municipality of Birmingham became one of the most prosperous in the provinces, and the city itself that which most resembles London. For all this, and for much more on which I cannot dwell at present, the credit is due chiefly to Mr. Chamberlain. I know



THE MIDLAND INSTITUTE, BIRMINGHAM.

of no other instance in which an individual has done so much for a town. What he has done in the cause of education and in the wider field of politics would require a volume to itself and cannot be gone into here. It is as the most eminent of the makers of modern Birmingham that I wish to present him.

In carrying out his work of reform and renovation he received able assistance from several supporters, the most prominent among them being Mr. Powell Williams himself. Whoever will examine the later history of the Corporation of Birmingham will find Mr. Williams's name cropping up frequently, especially in regard to financial questions. He is the author of a scheme for issuing Corporation stock, which has probably proved successful beyond his own anticipations.

It might seem that a city with such a credit as Birmingham enjoys might issue what stock it pleased. The public, however, is capricious. In 1877 the Corporation decided to issue, through the Bank of England, £1 500,000 of debentures for improvement purposes. But when the tenders were opened it was found that only a



ALDERMAN LAWLEY PARKER
(Mayor of Birmingham).

Photo. by]

[Harold Baker.

fifth of the amount required was subscribed; consequently no allotment was made. Three years later, Mr. Powell Williams, then Chairman of the Finance Committee, revived the scheme on somewhat altered lines. To effect the wishes of the Corporation, it was necessary to get authority from Parliament and the Local Government Board respecting a proposed Consolidation of Corporation Stock. That authority, after the usual opposition in the Lords, was obtained, and in January, 1881, debentures to the amount of £2,000,000, bearing interest at three-and-a-half per cent., were put on the market and immediately taken up. The following year another million was issued and tenders for more than double the amount received. These facts speak for themselves. Mr. Williams has also been instrumental in making important changes in the system of loans by the Corporation to the local authorities, and in reorganising the finances generally. He had, moreover, much to do with police reform, and generally has materially aided in the development of his native town.

Mr. Williams is at present, as most people know, the active Whip of the Liberal Unionist party, and one of the most energetic of the opponents of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. This, however, is not the place to discuss politics.

Apart from political and municipal life, Mr. Powell Williams has had an interesting career. For some years he held an

important post in the Post Office Service, and even then showed his talent for finance by the part he took in establishing the Post Office Savings Bank. During his connection with the Post Office he came into intimate contact with many notable people, the most famous being Mr. Anthony Trollope. Mr. Williams often read proofs for the novelist, and I believe the whole of "Phineas Finn" passed through his hands.

Among others who are conspicuously associated with the later life of Birmingham, special mention should be made of Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P.; Mr. W. Kendrick, M.P.; Mr. George Dixon, M.P.; Mr. Thomas Avery, the late Sir Thomas Martineau, a nephew of Harriet Martineau and of the venerable Dr. James Martineau; and Mr. Lawley Parker, the present Mayor.

It is not easy to give any adequate idea of such a town as Birmingham within the compass of a brief magazine article. The progress of the midland capital, especially within recent years, has been remarkable, and might be described as phenomenal, were it not for the extraordinary record of some American cities. Sixty years ago Chicago was an Indian encampment in the midst of a dismal swamp; to-day it has a population of over a million and a quarter. Twenty years ago St. Paul was little more than a village, on the edge of the Minnesota plains; to-day it is more populous than Leeds. Birmingham is slow in its

progress compared with such towns. Yet for Britain its advance has been exceedingly rapid. In the first year of the present century its inhabitants numbered sixty thousand; now they are close upon half-a-million. The increase in trade and wealth has kept steady pace with the growth of population. More than a hundred years ago Birmingham was described by Burke,



THE FREE LIBRARY
Photo. by]

MASON COLLEGE.

THE LIBERAL CLUB.
[Poulton and Son.

on a famous occasion, as "the toyshop of Europe," a designation which was not at all relished by the residents. It certainly is not a toyshop to-day. A stranger, indeed, is at once impressed by its solidity—alike in its buildings and its trade. There was a time when it was famous for its metal ornaments, and for little else. But from the making of gewgaws and trinkets it has gone on to the construction of steam engines, hydraulic

presses, and a trade in metallic manufactures generally that gives it a unique place among the commercial cities of the world. Where within the confines of civilisation is Birmingham were not known? It

is as ubiquitous as John Bull himself, and as hard to beat. Great Britain sends many things abroad, from missionaries to whisky, from anchors to needles, but none of her towns exports more widely or variously than Birmingham.

To get some vague conception of the extent of its manufactures, let us indulge in a few figures, taking the gold and silver trade first.

We find, then, that one hundred thousand ounces of gold ware are assayed annually in Birmingham, and close on a million ounces of silver. Thirty years ago the assay of gold was thirty thousand ounces and of silver one hundred thousand. A generation ago the amount of plate duty collected was £10,000; now it is £25,000. Half a century ago the annual assays made in Birmingham numbered sixteen hundred and eighty-five; now these figures are multiplied by sixty. The jewellery trade

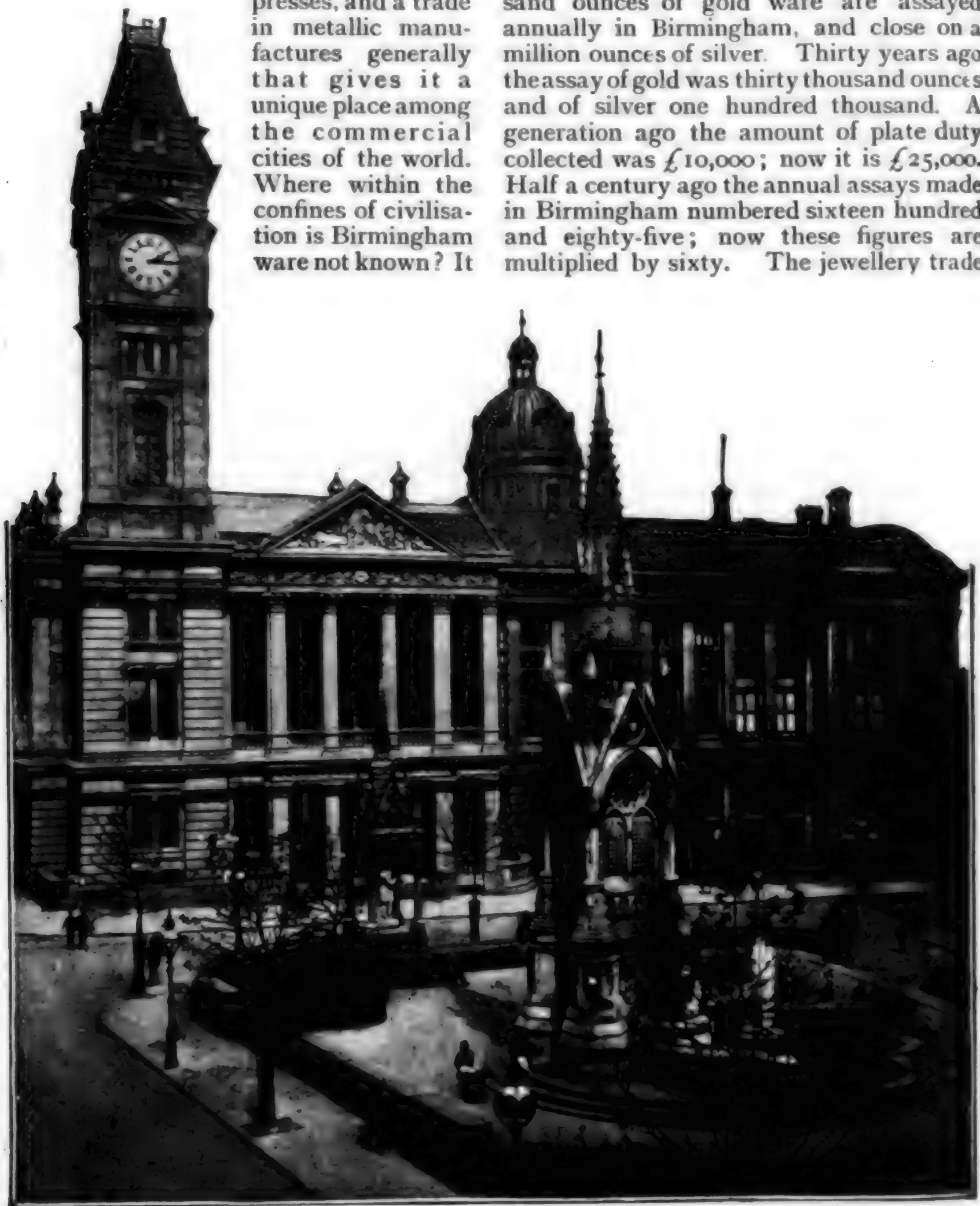


Photo. by]

THE CHAMBERLAIN MEMORIAL AND THE ART GALLERY.

[Poulton and Son,

employs fifteen thousand persons, and the value of the gold used in a year is nearly a million sterling. The value of the silver used would, perhaps, be about £400,000. Between seven and eight hundred watches are made every week, and eighty thousand silver watch-cases are turned out in the course of twelve months. The city produces steel pens by the billion, using about one thousand tons of steel per annum. At least fifty millions of needles, of various kinds, are produced in a week, and twenty million fish hooks. One firm alone turns out twenty million nails a-week, while in heavy goods the production is simply enormous.

In one year, of the principal class of goods there went into the city by railway alone one million five hundred thousand tons, and there went out two hundred and seventy thousand tons. The inwards total includes nearly a million tons of coal and coke. Of the outwards, there are one hundred and ten thousand tons of hardware and lamps, close upon twenty thousand tons of nails, about fifteen thousand tons of iron and metal tubes, thirty-five thousand tons of bedsteads, twelve thousand tons of galvanised wire and ware, eight thousand tons of rolled metal, and ten thousand tons of iron castings.

The traffic over one canal for twelve months was over seven million tons, including about one million tons of merchandise, nearly six hundred thousand tons of pig-iron, three million three hundred thousand tons of coal, five hundred thousand tons of iron-stone, one hundred and twenty thousand tons of sand, one hundred and forty thousand tons of lime and lime-stone, and five hundred thousand tons each of bricks and road material.

A further indication of the present business of the town is afforded by the fact that while in 1866 the total number of letters delivered was thirteen million twenty-three thousand two hundred, in 1886 the figures were thirty million nine hundred and eighty-three thousand six hundred and twenty-five. In 1866 one hundred and sixty-two post office officials were employed; in 1886 the staff had increased to eight hundred and sixty-eight. Since 1886 there has been a great addition to all these figures.

The following table, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. R. Hughes, the City Treasurer, exhibits at a glance the progress of the City during the last 41 years, as represented by Corporation finances :—

FINANCIAL AND OTHER STATISTICS FOR THE FIVE DECENNIALS ENDED 1892, AND THE FOLLOWING YEAR, 1893.

| | 1852. | 1862. | 1872. | 1882. . | 1892. | 1893. |
|---|--------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------------------|
| Population | 239,163 | 296,074 | 349,457 | 408,532 | 483,526 | 487,897 (June.) |
| Area in Acres | 8,420 | 8,420 | 8,420 | 8,420 | 12,365 | 12,365 |
| Rateable Value (Bo- rough Rate) | £ 628,669 | £ 862,680 | £ 1,194,793 | £ 1,534,110 | £ 2,040,808 | £ 2,079,517 |
| Produce of 1 <i>l</i> . Rate. | 2,620 | 3,594 | 4,978 | 6,392 | 8,503 | 8,665 |
| Annual Income | 133,691 | 157,500 | 226,258 | 1,059,406 | 1,398,080 | 1,447,223 |
| Annual Expenditure on Income Account | 166,396 | 165,696 | 246,686 | 1,019,602 | 1,355,080 | 1,406,615 . |
| Total Capital Expen- diture..... | 361,060 | 762,925 | 970,585 | 7,833,619 | 9,105,102 | 9,351,276 |
| Assets over Liabili- ties..... | 97,787 | 195,177 | 355,320 | 843,620 | 1,623,124 | 1,721,988 |
| Balance of Expendi- ture on Capital Ac- count | 263,273 | 566,748 | 615,265 | 6,989,999 | 7,481,978 | 7,629,288 |
| Death Rate per 1,000 | — | 1'65. 24'5 | 1872. 23'1 | 1882. 20'6 | 1892. 20'0 | 1893. 19'3 (June.) |

A total capital expenditure of close upon ten millions sterling is a sufficiently striking item, but what is at least as well

worth noticing as revealing the sound financial condition of Birmingham, is the large balance of assets over liabilities

which the Treasurer's accounts show. With nearly two millions to the good, there is little danger, one would think, of the Midlands' capital becoming bankrupt.

It should be added that while so much of the city's present prosperity is due to the initiative of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Powell Williams and others, the successful working out of details in financial reforms is largely due to the efficient assistance of Mr. W. R. Hughes, the City Treasurer. Mr. Hughes went from London to Birmingham in 1854, and has held his present office since 1867, so that he has shared in nearly all the financial schemes and reforms that have made Birmingham what it is to-day.

As it is interesting to dwell on the romance of material growth, perhaps my readers will stand a few more figures. They are given to indicate the principal items of expenditure in the capital account. We find, then, that the Victoria Courts stand charged with £113,000. The foundation stone of this fine pile was

laid by the Queen in March, 1887, and the Courts were opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in July, 1891. On the city gaol a sum of £92,000 was expended, and on police stations £55,000, while judges' lodgings cost nearly £6,000 on Birmingham becoming an assize town in 1884. The markets are debited with close upon £300,000, and Free Libraries with £95,000. On Lunatic Asylums there has been an outlay of £240,000; on tramways (opened in 1873), £230,000; on baths, £80,000; on the Council House (foundation stone of which was laid in 1874 by Mr. Chamberlain, who was then mayor) £166,000; and on land for Council House, etc., £210,000. These are comparatively light items. Getting to more important or, at any rate, to larger concerns, we find that the expenditure on sewerage, paving, improvement of River Rea, widening of bridges, formation of new streets, etc., has been £1,120,442; in connection with the Artizans' Dwelling Act (Dwelling House Improvement Fund), £1,681,951;

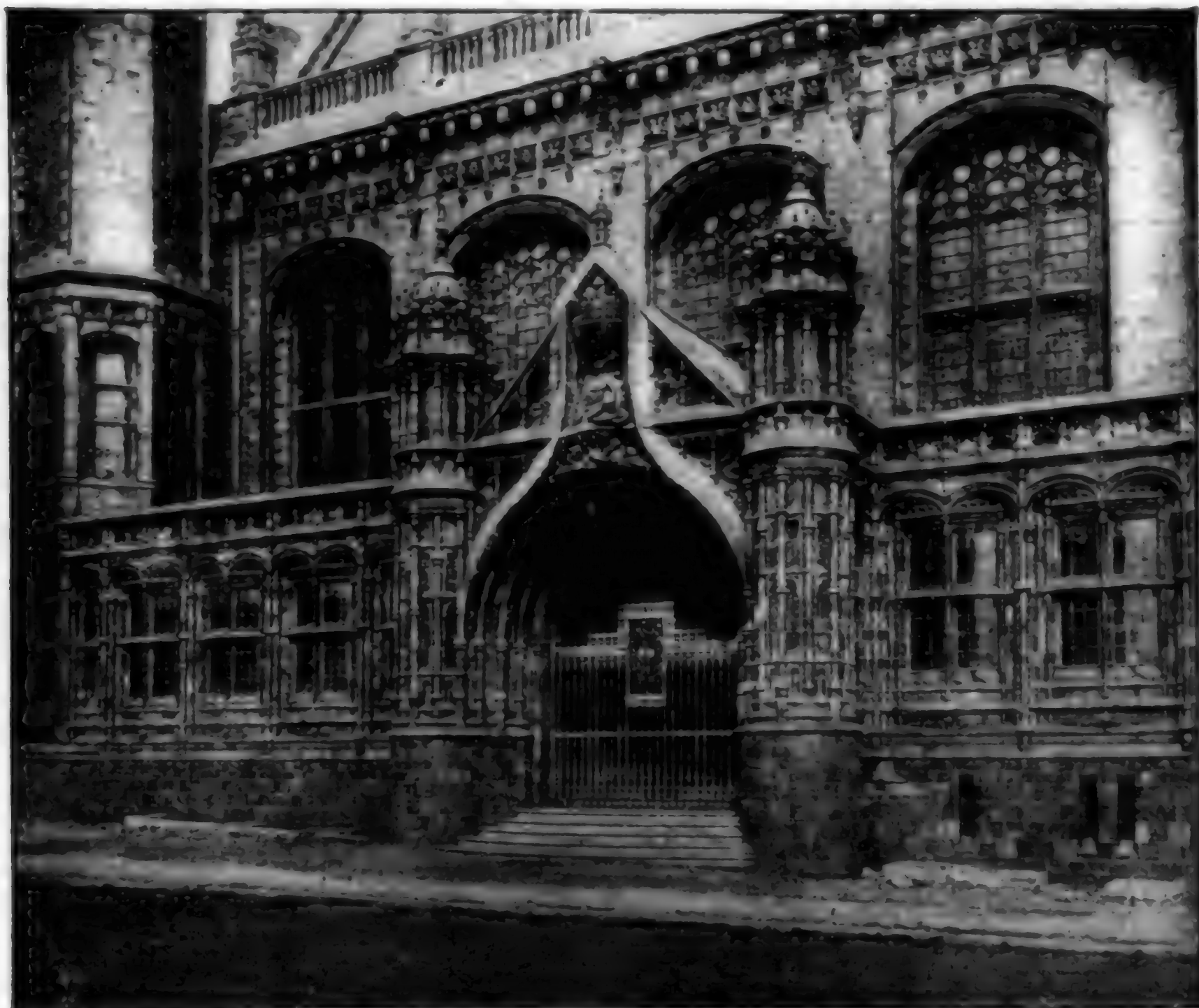


Photo. by J

ENTRANCE TO THE LAW COURTS, BIRMINGHAM.

[Harold Baker.

on gas undertaking, £2,230,340; and on water works, £2,198,072. These figures show that Birmingham is certainly not a thing of shreds and patches. Its Treasurer's accounts, indeed, are heavier and more complicated than those of many a Finance Minister. In addition to the properties purchased by the Corporation, there are other valuable assets conferred upon the city by gift or public subscription, chief among them being Aston Hall and Park. There have also been many donations to the Free Library, Museum and Art Gallery and such like.

Birmingham is, of course, before all else, a commercial and industrial city. She has vast wealth, many merchant princes, and an active and energetic population that, in the American phrase, have an

unbounded respect for the almighty dollar. Delighting in accumulating the precious metals, she "labours prodigiously." She has not the leisured classes of London or Paris or New York, nor even of Edinburgh or Dublin. Her furnaces make the night lurid, and her anvils ring incessantly. She writes her name in brass and iron, and in her normal condition her face is sooty and her sinewy arms are bare.

Yet she is not without some redeeming vices. She does not sacrifice exclusively to Mammon. Indeed, she is wonderfully catholic in her sympathies. She is ardently interested in education, possesses splendid libraries and a model art gallery, has an eye for architecture, and, in a word, "goes in for" culture. On the educational side, she claims to be better equipped than any town in England outside of London, and a clever advocate would, undoubtedly, make out a good case for her. She has a famous Grammar School; a Queen's College, noted for its Medical School; she has Mason College



Photo. by]

THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

[Poulton and Son.



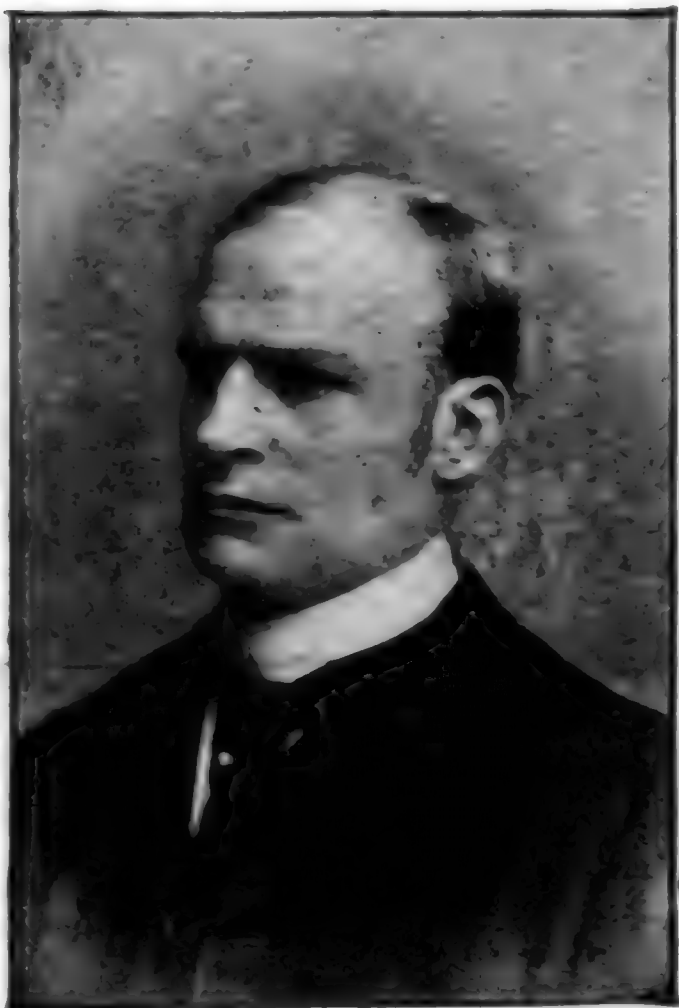
Photo. by]

THE GREAT HALL IN LAW COURTS, BIRMINGHAM.

[H. Baker.

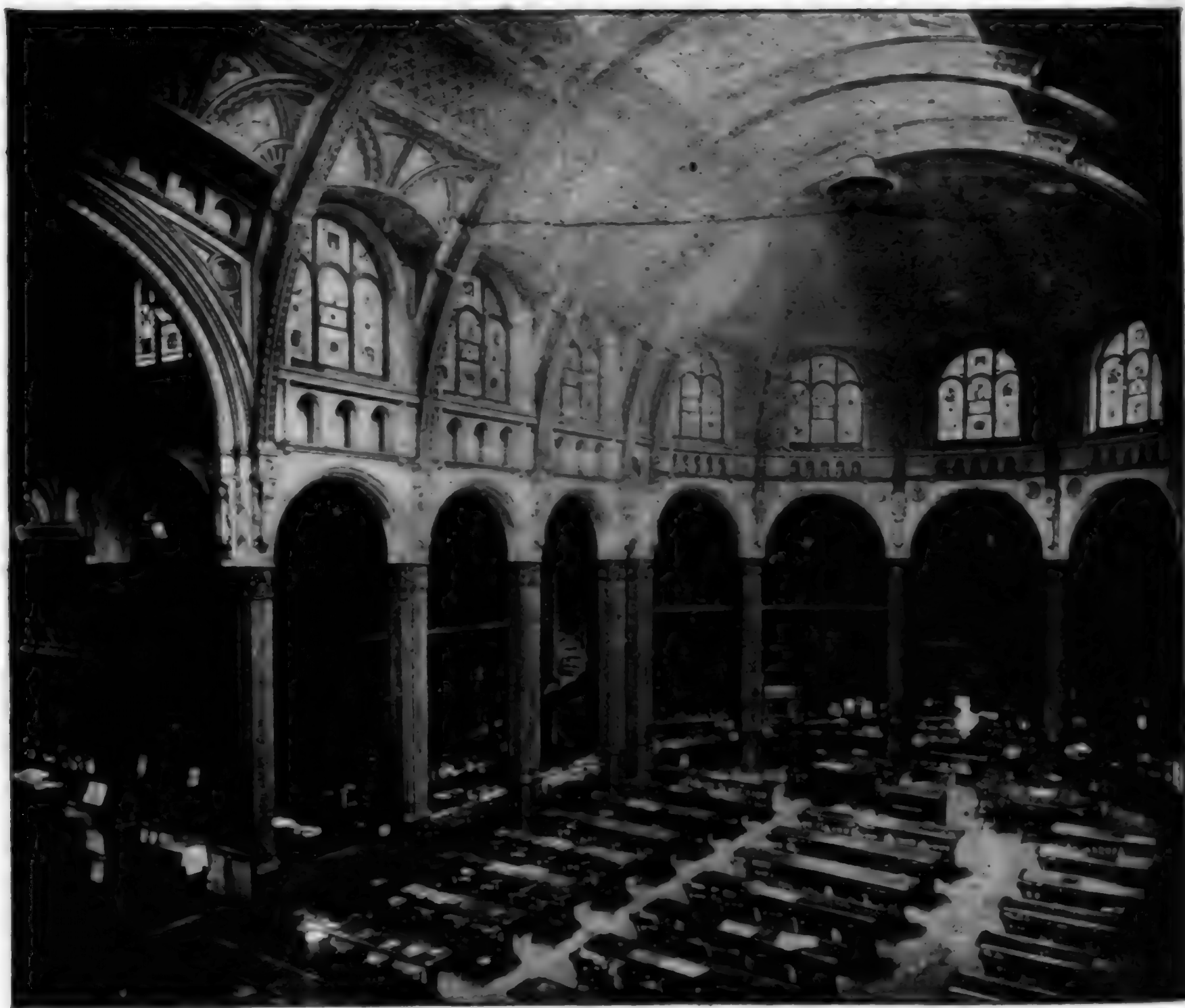
—an institution that is doing sound and admirable work; and the Midland Institute, which is educating between four and five thousand of the youth of both sexes without any fuss whatever. She has besides several literary and scientific societies that are training her promising citizens for figuring on a wider stage. Even Mr. Chamberlain owes much to his experiences as member of a local debating society. In art, she is surprisingly strong. A brief description of the Art Gallery will indicate her taste in æsthetics.

The Museum and Art Gallery started in a very humble manner by the



MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS,
(Director of the Museum and Art Gallery).
Photo. by Harold Baker, Birmingham.

presentation of a single picture in 1864. Three years later a room was opened in the Free Library and devoted to an exhibition of works of art. Year by year the exhibition increased in size and importance until the new building was erected at a cost of over £40,000, irrespective of the land. The fine new building was opened by the Prince of Wales on the 28th of November, 1885; since which date the galleries have never been closed, except on Christmas Days and Good Fridays, as Sunday opening has long been adopted in Birmingham. The museum is undoubtedly the finest in th:



INTERIOR OF FREE LIBRARY, BIRMINGHAM.



INTERIOR OF ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM.

provinces and is a veritable South Kensington in miniature. That the citizens are proud of their Art Gallery is amply proved by the enormous number of gifts during the last ten or twelve years, representing a money value of close upon £50,000. The special loan collections arranged by the director, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, have attracted attention amongst all art lovers. To mention three only—the great Burne Jones and Watts Exhibition, the English Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition, the most complete collection ever gathered together, and lately the exhibition of works by English animal-painters, which was visited in less than three months by over two hundred and sixty-seven thousand people. Since the opening of the building nearly seven millions of visitors have passed through the turnstiles. A great feature is made of the cheap catalogues, published by Mr. Wallis—large penny catalogues with illustrations and copious notes, twenty-seven thousand of these were sold during the exhibition of animal pictures. There are others at the same figure referring to the objects of industrial and decorative art, and an excellent sixpenny catalogue of two hundred pages and fifty-six illustrations. It is these cheap, instructive catalogues and the admirable system of labelling, which the poorest and least educated visitor can understand, which make the Birmingham Museum so attractive, and draw its fifteen thousand visitors a-week. The director of the Art Gallery, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, has had quite an exceptional art training, both in this country and abroad. There are few Continental galleries and museums with which he is not well acquainted, and the knowledge he has acquired whilst visiting them he has brought to bear upon his present charge with the result that, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, there is no better managed and no more popular and instructive museum out of London than that of the Midland metropolis.

The course of culture is generally from art to literature: from the picture which appeals to the outward eye to that which



THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM.

pleases the inward. In her libraries, as in her art galleries, Birmingham probably leads among provincial towns. That, of course, is but another way of saying that the Birmingham people have a taste for books. It was the opinion of Carlyle that books are the true universities. If that be true (and he would be a bolder man than the present writer who would contradict the sage of Chelsea), then Birmingham ought to be very well educated indeed. In her free libraries alone there are one hundred and eighty thousand works of various kinds, and the total issue last year was nearly a million. In 1866, the first year for which statistics are available, the total issue was only two hundred and thirty thousand, while the number of works in the libraries was only forty-one thousand. The daily average of issues is now three thousand two hundred and sixty-nine—figures which speak for themselves.

What people read is, however, of more consequence than *how much* they read. In Birmingham, as elsewhere, the taste is chiefly for fiction, showing that even industrial centres do not always stick to fact. History, biography, voyages and travel make together about a fourth of the total of fiction. As might be expected, there is a considerable demand for works dealing with the arts and sciences, while poetry and theology are nearly equal—another instance of the meeting of extremes.

Considering that in addition to her public libraries Birmingham has several prosperous booksellers, it will be understood that she is no niggardly patron of authors. Then, in addition to books, she

buys all the leading English newspapers and periodicals, and many of the foreign. Moreover, she has an alert and vigorous local press, and her churches and chapels are many. She has her clubs, too, in which the fate of nations is decided in amiable debate, and her literary and artistic societies. To her schools and colleges reference has already been made. Altogether she is well equipped on the intellectual and spiritual side.

In the production of literature and art, though she has not greatly distinguished herself, there are at least two eminent men of letters and one artist associated with her history. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, a novelist of note, resides at Edgbaston, one of her suburbs; and Cardinal Newman passed more than a generation at the Oratory, of which an illustration is given. In art, the most distinguished of her sons was David Cox; and from time to time famous men have visited her, among them being Dr. Johnson in 1776, and Carlyle some seventy years later.

But her fame does not depend on her great men. Her *forte* is manufactures. Her anvils and her forges are still her chief glory. By-and-by the men of letters, the dreamers and romancers will come and soften the blaze of her material splendour, and touch with a sentimental interest her fierce ambition to accumulate wealth. But at present the man of affairs holds the field.

I do not know whether it is safe or permissible to trust to first impressions. Perhaps, as they cannot possibly do harm, they may be briefly recorded in this instance. I have already said that Birmingham, more than any other provincial town in England, reminds one of London. Her streets are busy, her shops and public buildings handsome, and there is that perpetual racing against time which characterises great commercial cities.

What one misses, of course, in thinking of any other city in connection with London, is the immensity, and, if one may presume to say so in regard to Birmingham,



MR. W. R. HUGHES, CITY TREASURER.
[H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.
Photo. by]

the repose. London, with all her teeming millions, her stupendous traffic, has a marvellous quality of repose, because she has a huge population with nothing in the world to do but to be well bred. Birmingham has its Cheapside and its Strand, but it has to be content without a Mayfair or a Belgravia. London, as Mr. Henry James has well remarked, is "an epitome of the round world." Birmingham is a flourishing manufacturing city, and there lies the difference. The impression she makes on the visitor is one of newness. Though she dates her history back eight hundred years, she is really of yesterday. She will be mellowed of aspect when she has time to breathe, and to enjoy the fruits of her conquest without a constant reference to statistics. Meantime she is braced for the battle. Luckily for herself she has all the energy, the daring, the unbounded self-confidence of youth. She is bent on being rich, and she is certainly fulfilling her ambition.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.



HATFIELD HOUSE, FROM THE SOUTH.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

The Home of the Marchioness of Salisbury.

ALWAYS on the *qui vive* for topics of interest for readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY, it has occurred to me that a short series relating to historic houses would form a pleasing feature for "Whispers," and would find favour with those who do me the honour of perusing these pages. I have, therefore, this month, chosen Hatfield House, which, owing to the courtesy of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, I recently had an opportunity of visiting.

The property round Hatfield was part of the demesne of the Saxon princes, but King Edgar gave it to the monastery of Ely. Here the second son of Edward III. was born, and later the Princess Elizabeth (afterwards Queen) resided during the reign of her sister Mary. An old oak in the park is still pointed out as the spot where Elizabeth received the news that she was Queen, and the hat which she wore on this momentous occasion is still preserved, and gives a good idea of fashionable head-gear at that remote period. Hatfield was the property of the Crown till the beginning of the reign of James I., who, taking a fancy to 'Theobalds' at Cheshunt, Sir R. Cecil's seat, the King

exchanged Hatfield for it, and died at the latter place in 1625. Since that period it has remained in the Salisbury family.

Hatfield House was built by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, between 1605 and 1611, and is a most imposing mansion in the Jacobean style of architecture, in the form of a letter H. One enters a spacious hall, full of interesting curiosities. Specially noticeable is the saddle-cloth used on the white charger ridden by Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury, models and weapons from the Crimean War, and an antique chair, the favourite seat of the Virgin Queen. The Marble Hall, a magnificent apartment, now used as a dining-room when there is a large house party, is chiefly remarkable for its fine carvings and tapestry, the latter representing the Garden of Hesperides. At one end is the musician's gallery, a survival of bygone times when all classes took their food to the accompaniment of sweet strains of music, the rich having their own bands and the poor employing wandering minstrels.

The whole house is lighted with electricity, for though the Marquis is known to the world at large as one of the most prominent statesmen of the nineteenth century, he is also a man of science, and deeply interested in the study of electricity.

The Marchioness, too, is an extremely clever and well-informed woman, and wrote for many years for the *Saturday Review*. Of late years her attention has been given to the Primrose League, and her favourite hobby is architecture. Her knowledge of this art she has applied to a practical purpose: for under her supervision a lovely chateau

has been erected midway between Nice and Monte Carlo, on the estate of Beaulieu.

Georgina Caroline Alderson, Lady Salisbury, is the daughter of a distinguished lawyer; she is a most devoted mother, and she and her husband have always been united by a similarity of tastes.

The walls and ceiling of Lady Salisbury's charming sitting-room at Hatfield are panelled with wood and richly decorated. The handsome carved marble mantelpiece has a fender bearing the arms of the Cecil family. Vandyke portraits look down upon one; and from the bay window there is a magnificent view



THE MARBLE DINING HALL, HATFIELD.

of the park, which contains six hundred head of deer.

Lord Salisbury always rises early, and invariably takes a walk before breakfast. When at Hatfield he generally goes for three or four miles before the rest of the family come down, and when in London has his constitutional in the Green Park. From breakfast till one o'clock he is absolutely alone, and at this time nothing short of a message from the Queen would reach him. He has three personal secretaries; so very few of the letters and communications sent by all kinds and conditions of men reach him, as they thoroughly sort over his correspondence, and only place

before his notice matters of importance. Lord Salisbury has the greatest objection to smoking, and his own children never approach him when engaged in this pursuit.

When the family are at Hatfield, daily prayers and a Sunday service are performed in the chapel by the domestic chaplain, and great state is kept up.

Hatfield House



KING JAMES'S DRAWING ROOM, HATFIELD.

is rich in historical documents. In the library are the forty-two articles of Edward VI., with the superscription of that pious monarch; thirteen thousand interesting letters from the time of Henry VIII. to James I.; a Treatise on Councils, by Cranmer; a curious and emblazoned pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, tracing her descent from Adam, and many other ancient and interesting papers. The collection of carvings, tapestry and pictures are extremely valuable, and all in an excellent state of preservation. Indeed, Hatfield is a home in every

sense of the word, and looks as if it was presided over by a careful chatelaine.

The grand staircase is at one end of the building, and the balustrades are massive and finely carved in the Italian style. Above the handrail are genii, armorial lions, etc., and the dog gates (another survival of the middle ages) close the lower portion. The walls are hung with portraits of the Cecils, by Lely, Kneller, Vandyke, Zuccherro, Reynolds and others.

After ascending the staircase, you come to the winter drawing-room, or great chamber, called King James's Room, lighted by three immense oriel windows. The ceiling is decorated in the Florentine style, enriched by pendants elaborately gilt. From it hang gilt chandeliers of Elizabethan design, and the walls are embellished with full length portraits of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds; and portraits of the Cecil family. Over the lofty chimney-piece is a bronze statue of James I., and in the fire-



THE GRAND STAIRCASE, HATFIELD.

place are massive fire-dogs. The furniture is gilt, richly upholstered. Near this apartment is the picture gallery, which is one hundred and sixty feet long and is panelled with oak. The fretted ceiling is also gilt, and the intersections are traced in colours in the same manner as the painted ceiling in the Royal Palace at Munich.

In a brief sketch, however, it is impossible to do justice to the glories of Hatfield, with its luxurious bedrooms, sumptuously furnished, suites of splendid reception rooms, and magnificent grounds and park, with ave-

nues of trees and quaint gardens laid out in the geometrical style of the eighteenth century.

I hope, however, I have given some idea of the house of the Marchioness of Salisbury, which is indeed one of "The Stately Homes of England."

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Strikes and rumours of strikes do not appear to have influenced the apparel of the fashionable world, which this season is chiefly remarkable for its picturesque character and richness of detail.

Cloths cunningly woven to convey the idea of serpentine or metallic effects; tweeds in which the shades are so carefully blended that one is insensibly reminded of ancient tapestries, wrought by ladies of high degree, who have long since crumbled to dust, though their works remain as testimonials to their industry and perseverance. Brocades and silks of softest sheen and floral design, so sugges-

tive of the old-world flower gardens, where roses ran riot and lilies and lavender shed their fragrance around; and gauzy fabrics, starred and spangled till they seem more suited to fairy-like Titanias than to the prosaic and substantial forms of *fin de siècle* Englishwomen.

Most of these dainty materials will make their first appearance in country houses, where large parties are entertained and smart dressing is a *sine qua non*.

While illustrating the modes most in vogue, I have confined myself to costumes which are particularly suited for such visits. The tailor-made gown of tweed, neat and trim but calculated to bear the strain of country walks in doubtful weather, is most suitable in the morning, and a smarter dress can be donned later in the day, when calls are paid and received.

Imagine a gown of softest dove-coloured cloth, ornamented with gold passementerie, and worn over a puffed vest, of white *mousseline de soie*, similarly embellished.

A very useful dress is made of brown Irish poplin (exactly the shade of a chestnut), with large bell sleeves, elaborately braided to correspond with the waistcoat and skirt.

Another is of fawn bengaline, trimmed with sable. Gold embroidery is introduced on the upper sleeve, figaro jacket and the skirt, and the latter is arranged in straight box pleats from the waist.

A handsome mantle which was recently prepared for a young bride is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is composed of Robin Hood green cloth, lined throughout with gold and green shot surah.



A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

The pointed cape of velvet is edged with wolverine, and the same handsome fur is carried down the front and entirely round the skirt. With this comfortable garment a picturesque hat of green velvet, with plumes of ostrich feathers, was sent home, and proved particularly becoming to the wearer.

A lovely evening gown, for the same lady, was of white brocade, covered with shaded roses and leaves. Fine Brussels point was used for the epaulets, and the low bodice was finished with folds of chiffon, caught up in the centre with a diamond brooch; while the waist was confined with a belt of jewels which glittered and scintillated with every movement.

With a quiet dinner dress, two or three pretty tea-gowns, and a plentiful supply of frills and furbelows, and the various articles already described, a woman could embark upon a course of country house visiting



A STYLISH VISITING GOWN.



AN EVENING GOWN.

without suffering any doubtful qualms on the subject of her toilet.

It is not so much the cost of our clothes as the fact that they all harmonize, and are adapted to the occasion upon which they are worn, which makes the difference between good and bad dressing. A woman may be able to afford to don Worth's gowns in the evening or those chic and eminently fascinating tailor-made costumes (which emanate from the House of Redfern) during the earlier hours of the day, yet unless she devotes considerable attention to the study of her personal appearance, and to what is becoming to her particular style, she will be mortified to find that she is out-rivalled by one who has spent less money but more thought upon the art of looking well.

There are so many ways in which we can make ourselves attractive, if we will only take the trouble; and, though in the hurry and rush of life we are sometimes tempted to let things glide, and think it does not matter, if we consider the subject, we must feel that there can be no excuse for those little lapses which we are all guilty of from time to time, or for that dowdyism which is not conducive to the happiness and serenity of the domestic circle. Many women like to have a delicate fragrance exhaling from their clothes, and a simple manner of perfuming them is by inserting sachets filled with Pasta Mack, which emits a most subtle aroma. This delightful toilet accessory is very refreshing if put into the water before washing in the proportion of one cake to the pint. Those with the most susceptible skins need not fear using it, for owing to its composition it is impossible for any ill effects to arise. A little ammonia in the bath water (about a table-spoonful to three gallons of water) is also beneficial, but should not be used to the face.

THE HOME.

Time speeds swiftly on, and once more Christmas, that season of peace and goodwill, is close at hand. To those who have been vouchsafed special blessings during the past year, the desire naturally arises to benefit others who are less happily placed; and to signify by some little gift or souvenir that though time and space may divide, loving hearts are blended in a universal communion.

Attentions of this nature often cost so little and mean so much. Though those who are wealthy can indulge their fancy by sumptuous gifts, the vast majority are compelled to content themselves with presents of a less expensive character, which are generally equally acceptable to the recipients.

I will, therefore, before touching upon expensive presents, describe a few articles which can be easily produced by willing minds and nimble fingers at a comparatively trifling cost. I wonder if any of my readers have heard of the "Old Lady's Needlebook," a useful contrivance, intended to aid those whose failing eyesight makes needle-threading a weariness of the flesh.

A piece of material, twelve inches in length and eight inches wide, is lined with two thicknesses of flannel, and bound with ribbon. Two round pieces of card are inserted at the ends after a small portion of the case has been folded over to form the bag for holding three reels of cotton—two of black, Nos. 36 and 50, and one of white, No. 36. These are strung on ribbons, the ends of which are sewn lightly to the inner side of the cardboard. Then feather stitch the flannel the long way, so as to form three parallel compartments. In each of these put



GOWN OF DOVE COLOURED CLOTH.



HOUSE DRESS OF BROWN POPLIN.

needles of varying sizes, the same thread passing through the whole row, and fasten the case with a button and loop. Many pretty and useful things may be made from bed ticking. The intermediate white lines should be worked with coloured silks, the beauty of the pattern depending much upon the variety of the stitches introduced. This form of decoration lends itself to all kinds of bags and fancy trifles for the bedroom, and a nice effect is obtained by

making the various articles to match. Comb bags, night-dress cases, soiled-linen bags, wall pockets for holding four pairs of shoes, and a cloth for the dressing table; or for those who are more ambitious, a bed spread finished with a six-inch corded flounce, would employ young people pleasantly during the dark winter evenings.

Those who consider it their delight and privilege to work for the miserable denizens of the slums of London and large provincial towns may be glad to know that beds made from stout unbleached calico, and stuffed with dried birch leaves, moss or chaff, are always acceptable; and excellent quilts may be made in the following manner:—Get eight yards of flannelette, and the same quantity of cheap wadding. Make the counterpane two yards square, putting two thicknesses of the cotton wool, and bind with red braid, or edge with a narrow frill of the material doubled and placed between the flannel edges. At regular intervals embroider with black or coloured Berlin wool a good-sized star, as this will keep the wadding in place. Still cheaper coverings can be made of several thicknesses of brown paper, or the *Times* newspaper, covered with Turkey twill,



A SAFETY ROCKING-HORSE.

cretonne or flannelette, and quilted in the sewing machine.

For a handsome present to a family consisting of young children I would suggest a safety rocking-horse, which is constructed in such a manner that three little ones can enjoy their ride together, a great convenience to a mother whose quiver is full, and upon whose time and attention constant demands are made by those who require to be amused. Another useful present is a perambulator. Not one of those bone-shaking contrivances of my youth, so roughly made and arranged with so little regard for the comfort of the hapless infant that occupied it that it only escaped a dislocated spine by a special intervention of Providence, but a delightful baby-carriage like the one illustrated, which



PERAMBULATOR RECENTLY MADE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

was specially prepared for the little Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, by command of her Majesty the Empress of Germany. This carriage was painted blue, with delicate white lines, and was upholstered in richest satin of the same cerulean tint, while all the fittings were of silver. The winter hood of polished leather, lined with silk, could be changed when the days were warm

for a summer canopy of Tussock silk, similarly lined and trimmed with soft frills of cream lace. The ivory handle safety brake, double cee springs, and bicycle wheels with indiarubber tyres, combined to make it an ideal perambulator, and a delicate setting for the dainty grace of childhood.

In choosing Christmas presents let us never forget the sick and afflicted, whose grey lives are seldom illuminated by rays of sunshine, and whose sensitive temperaments make them prone to ponder over real or fancied slights. To such natures, the most trifling occurrence to those in robust health often assumes gigantic dimensions, and causes a dull heartache and sense of despair, which those around are seldom conscious of. The little reading and writing table of which I have given a sketch, with its convenient desks revolving on pivots, and so arranged that they can be placed over the bed, would make a very pleasing addition to the furniture of the sick-room. One was specially made for the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, and was constantly used by him during his last illness. This little appliance will also be found a most valuable aid to students and others who, in the course



AN INVALID'S TABLE.

of their work, constantly require to refer to different books.

Dinner-table decorations, especially in the winter, when artificial light can be used, can be made very effective if a little taste is brought to bear, particularly if rich colourings are introduced to contrast with snowy damask, polished silver and glittering glass. Centres of mousseline de soie, coloured crêpe, or Liberty silk in billowy folds, find equal favour with long narrow mats of brocade or silk damask, edged with filmy lace. These strike the keynote of colour, and candle and lamp shades, flowers and sweetmeats correspond, as a rule; though occasionally one meet with contrasts, for example, a rich mat of orange brocade, with border of shaded brown chrysanthemums, bowls and specimen glasses of the same lovely flowers, and candle shades of deep yellow look well. Shaded leaves, especially those of the virginia creeper, can be nicely combined with delicate grass, while white flowers and asparagus fronds, maiden-hair fern, etc., are lovely with silver candelabra and dessert dishes. I have given a very charming design for a lamp or electric light, with crystal branches for flowers and fruit, which would be very suitable for family use; for large parties a lower form of decoration is generally preferred, often of a rustic character. Over the walnuts and the wine is, perhaps, the pleasantest hour of the day, and every housewife, worthy of the name, makes a point of having a well-cooked dinner and tastefully arranged table to greet her lord and master when he returns to the bosom of his family.



CRYSTAL EPERGNE.

[For the Drawing of the Crystal Epergne I am indebted to Messrs. OSLER, 100, Oxford Street, London. For the Literary Machine for an invalid's use, the Royal Perambulator and the Safety Rocking Horse, to Messrs. FARMER, LANE & CO., 77 and 79, New Oxford Street, W.C. The Fashion Sketches have been specially prepared by Messrs. VERNON ET CIE, Ladies' Tailors, Sloane Street, London, from their latest models for the Winter Season.]



H, KING, whose good deeds are as the sand of the sea in number, hearken to thy humble servant."

"Who art thou? Trouble me not, for my heart is heavy," and Phratra, King of Heliopolis, slowly turned his weary head towards the speaker.

"It is for that cause am I come. Oh, mighty lord, know not thy servants of their master's sorrow? Rememberest thou how but yesterday thy priests offered unto the most holy Ra, in his sun temple, all thy rarest gifts, should he but bestow on thee thy wish—an heir to thine house, and so cut off the seed of Hores and his son for ever?"

The king shook his head and turned away.

"Leave my presence," he answered. "All this do I know; tell it not again; you weary me."

But the Egyptian went on: "Thou knowest also how the mighty voice of Ra bade me watch the rising waters of our sacred Nile. I obeyed, and behold! thy wish is granted."

"What!" There is no listlessness in the face of Phratra now.

"Oh, king! thy servant, watching as

he was bidden on the most holy banks, gazing on the lazy swim of the alligators and the floating leaves of the lily, fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened—a cry had sounded in his ears, a cry soft and melodious as a temple bell; he started to his feet. There, stranded by the returning tide, in a glistening pool blossomed a magnificent lily—our sacred lotus, one of unusual size and beauty. Attracted by the cry that seemed to proceed from its petals, thy servant, oh, king, hurriedly knelt beside it, and behold!"

The Egyptian turned and, quitting the apartment, re-entered with something in his arms, which he laid reverently at the feet of Phratra.

The king, his face aglow with inward passion, bent and lifted the bundle in his arms; softly turning back the linen covering, he disclosed the baby face of a sleeping girl.

Then, the child in his arms, he fell on his knees.

"Oh, Ra!" he cried, "all honour and adoration be unto thee, who rulest the sun's coming and going. Oh, perfect and great Deity, accept the thanks of the most humble of thy servants, who will offer this night his sacrifices unto thee by the aid of the one thousand priests of thy temple—bless this thy child; may she rob no tomb

and take not the field of the stranger, but, with the help of thy curse, cut off the seed of Hores, my brother, for ever."

Then, holding the sleeping child close to his heart, Phratra, followed by the Egyptian, sought his chamber.

When Hores, brother to Phratra, King of Heliopolis, heard of the new heiress to the throne, his anger was terrible to witness, and he vowed her no princess, inasmuch that she was no daughter of the king, but when he heard that she was the gift of the most holy god Ra and had been given through the aid of the sacred lotus, he was more angry still, for he knew that he could not dispute her right, though he vowed secretly in his heart that Rebon, his son, should reign at Phratra's death by fair means or by foul.

The years flew by, and Shirin, daughter of Phratra, became lovely as the sun-kissed waters of the sacred Nile and pure as her mother the lotus lily. So beautiful was she that the people, wondering, called her the goddess of the lily, and although the greater powers of the gods were denied her, yet she possessed—through her birth—some lesser ones, not bestowed on other dwellers in Egypt.

Particularly was the lotus flower itself sensitive to her powers, and by its aid could she tell the pureness of heart or mind; its colour changing from white to pink, or deepest scarlet, at its contact with anything impure.

So noted and far-famed became this power that she was always present at the tribunal of any Egyptian of high rank, and when all failed in detecting the truth, a lotus blossom, placed by

Shirin on the head of the accused, pronounced him at once innocent or guilty. Hores, hearing all these things afar off, brooded over them day and night, and sought, without avail, to solve the problem of Shirin's downfall.

At last, tired with thinking, he betook him to Sekhet, the goddess, who, with her cat-like head and burning breath, inspired the would-be supplicants with fear.

Having bestowed on her all his most precious possessions, he prayed her to tell him how he might destroy Shirin, and thus, on the death of Phratra, gain possession of the kingdom for himself and his descendants.

Now, in thus appealing to the goddess Sekhet, Hores was foolish, seeing that she, being the daughter of Ra the Sun God, the giver and protector of the princess, was bound, in duty to her parent, to aid, not damage, the cause of the king's daughter.

The goddess accepted the offerings of Hores and listened to his tale with a malicious smile, but all she said, when he had made an end of speaking, was, "Bring hither thy son." Now, Hores had never mentioned his son in his conversation with the goddess, nevertheless he hastened to obey.

Now Rebon, son of Hores, was extremely beautiful to behold; his eyes were black as the night, though not so black as his hair and brows, and his skin was ruddy through the kisses of the eastern sun.

With Rebon before her, Sekhet, the goddess, unfolded her plans to the father and son, and they, longing for the downfall of



PRAYED HER TO TELL HIM HOW HE MIGHT DESTROY SHIRIN.



REBON, SON OF HORES.

Shirin, listened with glad ears and went away satisfied.

In the evening of the following day there came to the king, at his palace in Heliopolis, a strange epistle, and one which disturbed him greatly as he read.

Calling Shirin, his daughter, to him, he bade her read also, and as she did so, her brow lighted up with intense scorn, and she laughed with royal pride as she told the surrounding attendants of the missive's contents.

"Whereas, by the mighty aid of Shirin, the most holy and beautiful daughter of Phratra, King of Egypt, the innocent have been set free and the guilty number their souls with Apep in the regions of darkness, it is the wish of all true-hearted Egyptians that, before the most holy Shirin be appointed successor to our present king, Phratra, she herself be tried by the test of the lotus flower, proving to all beholders that she, the said Shirin, be indeed full of the purity of an Egyptian queen."

The lip of the reader curled in scorn.

"Who brought this?" she demanded; but none could answer. "Behold!" she said, and she tore the parchment into a thousand

pieces, "thus will I treat all doubters of the fitness of Shirin. Nevertheless, be it known unto you, that at the close of the wheat harvest, when the lotus blooms its best, Shirin will, before all men, try by that most holy flower the purity of her own soul." Then, hastily embracing her father, she left the apartment.

Now Shirin felt safe in her own might, knowing that only by one way could she bring down the wrath of her God protector upon her, and that was by giving her thoughts to love and man; her love must blossom for Egypt alone, for, by her birth from a lotus' heart, she was bound by a sacred vow to love no man, nor take to herself a husband; and all this she knew could but be done by her own free will.

Then throughout all Egypt went the decree, telling forth the coming trial of the king's daughter; and the heart of



BADE HER READ IT.

Hores rejoiced, and he pushed open the trap that yawned to receive its victim.

A week after the telling of the decree, Shirin, sleeping calmly beside her open, flower-crowned window, was startled by a low moan. Leaping to her feet she looked down into the street, and beheld the form of a man prostrate beneath her.

"What do you seek?" she cried, but softly.

Slowly the head of the stranger lifted, and revealed to the eyes of the girl a face of perfect Egyptian manly beauty, but one filled with sore distress.

"Oh, beautiful Shirin," he cried, "help me; I am faint and weary, having fled three nights since from the cruel power of Hores. I am hungry and weak; hide me from him," and he fell forward as though fainting.

For a moment she hesitated; then the womanly heart pierced the barrier of icy chill, and springing from her window, she knelt beside him.

"Do they pursue after thee?" she said, as his eyes met hers.

"Night and day; even now they are close upon me"; and a shudder shook the man's frame.

"Come, I will hide thee," she said. "Follow me."

Staggering to his feet, the man obeyed, and followed his royal guide.

Through strange circuitous streets, down grass-grown pavements and darkened bye-ways, till at last, passing beneath a long, tunnelled archway, he found himself in a paved court—the centre of some royal Egyptian tomb.

Here Shirin, motioning him to rest, left him, to return a moment later with a bunch of bananas and a jar of water. Seizing her hand, the stranger poured out volumes of thanks, but she fled away, vowing to ask on the morrow the assistance of Phratra, her father. But when the morrow dawned, she feared for the deeds of the night, because she, being set apart for a high

purpose, had done grievous wrong in hiding the stranger, who, nevertheless, must still be fed.

So she spoke not, but daily visited the paved tomb where rested the sick stranger; and the heart of Shirin the goddess became a woman's heart, for she loved him, and she feared greatly the day of her coming ordeal.

It was the close of the wheat harvest, and the day before the one on which she was to face the Egyptian multitude. Creeping softly through the well-known paths to feed the hidden stranger, she reached her object only to find the place deserted, the cushions empty and the stranger fled. Then, with a cry of dismay, she flew back to the palace of the king.

The morning rose clear and bright, the sun shone down on the temple roofs and obelisks outside the palace till they glowed like fire; it lighted up each petal of the sacred lilies, floating serenely on the bosom of the water, as though they missed not their fellows gathered that morn and already woven into a wreath for the trial of their future queen. It was yet early, but the streets were filled already with anxious Egyptians, struggling with quickened feet towards the great hall of justice. On they went, past the temple of the sun, where they made a low obeisance,

past the great obelisk of the red granite of Syrene, engraved already with the lives of many kings, into the great hall itself, till, by the sixth hour of the day, it was full to overflowing with an excited, wondering mass. On a raised platform at the end of the hall there sat Phratra, the king, Hores, his brother, Rebon, son to Hores, and forty-two counsellors; and at their feet, in a marble basin, there lay the lotus crown, pure as snow. There is a sound of light footsteps, and all eyes turn to a curtained door. Slowly the hanging is raised, and Shirin, daughter of Phratra, King of Heliopolis, enters.

Proud and magnificently calm, clad in white



"OH MOST HOLY EA!"

from head to foot, she walks majestically to the platform's edge and faces the throng.

"Men of Egypt," she says slowly, "ye are met to witness at your own request the trial of the daughter of your king.

"Hear, oh most holy Ra," she cries, lifting her eyes to heaven; "I have not sinned, I have done no murder, I have robbed no temple, I have been obedient to thy wish in all things. Hear, I pray; I am pure, pure, pure."

But throughout her speech there is a low wail of agony. Bending low the knee, she lifts from its resting-place the lily crown. Slowly raising it in her two hands, she places it with trembling fingers upon her head. There is a moment's pause; then the faces of the excited multitude proclaim the result—the lily is red as blood. Shirin, daughter to the king, stands condemned; but not alone—there is a loud cry, "Shirin!" and at her feet there is flung a passionate figure.

"The stranger," she murmurs; and lotus wreath, the excited populace and the king's dismay are forgotten as she raises the fallen man with tender hands.

A faint murmur reaches her: "Rebon, Rebon."

She looks with startled eyes at the man, who now stands facing the throng, clasping her in his arms. He meets her glance and bows his head.

"I am Rebon," he says then to the amazed Egyptians. "True men of Egypt," he cries, "behold this. Shirin, your queen,

is as pure as ye; it is *I*, Rebon, who have sinned, and *I* who will suffer. Wishing to overthrow King Phratra and this, his daughter, I and Hores, my father, planned to make her break her vow to the god Ra by loving, as a woman, some earthly man. Behold, *I* have stolen her love, but I do not repent, for I worship her. In overthrowing her I have overthrown myself. Behold the lily," and pointing with triumphant finger, he shows on the head of Shirin the lotus wreath white as snow. "Ra has pardoned," he cries; "let me alone feel his wrath," and he again flings himself at her feet.

But the hearts of Egypt's men are thrilled. With a low, hoarse cry, they reach the platform of the great hall of justice, and the figures of Shirin, daughter of Phratra, and Rebon, son to Hores, now clasped in each other's arms, are lost to view. Next moment they are lifted high above the swarthy faces of the multitude, and all Heliopolis rings with the triumphant cry: "All power, adoration and might unto Rebon, King of Egypt, and Shirin, his queen."

That night, during the third watch, there steals out of the city a group of silent figures, pushing forward a shrinking, muffled form; and lo! when morning dawns, the soft waters of the Nile gently lip-lap against a floating, silent figure, sailing calmly down towards the open sea. It is Hores, father to Rebon, and would-be King of Egypt—land of the lily.



INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP.

For some months past managers of every class of entertainments have been crying out about bad business, and assuring us that the drama had gone to the dogs. Music halls, we were told, did all the business. I was foolish enough to prophesy that were the said managers to put good pieces before their patrons, shekels would roll into the treasury chest. For this little prophecy I was told I was a dreamer of dreams. Ah, well, he laughs best who laughs last. We now see several theatres doing excellent business, simply because the public know they are getting value for their money.

Drury Lane is having packed houses nightly, the attraction being a new spectacular drama of modern life, entitled "A Life of Pleasure," written by Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. It undoubtedly is a spectacular drama; but the newness—well it is the same old story once more re-told. Lord Avondale appoints a cousin of his, one Captain Chandos, to be the manager of his estates and property in Ireland. Chandos is a

bad lot, and not only does he disgrace and ruin one woman, Norah Hanlan, but he leads Lord Avondale's *fiancée* to believe that her lover is the culprit, and persuades her to throw over his lordship and marry him.

Lord Avondale arrives just as the wedding is over. Here the newness of the drama comes in. In former plays of this type the hero arrived always just in the nick of time. Chandos, when he finds the game is up—for of course he has been committing forgery as well—is about to take poison; he has got the potion in a glass, when he is disturbed by a knock at the door, and Norah, who, in spite of the way she has been wronged and befooled by this man, still loves him, comes to tell him she has stolen the forged bills and saved him. She calls for water, and, seeing the glass on the table, drinks it. Does this precious lover of hers attempt to stay her hand, knowing the fatal draught the glass contains? Not a bit of it; he lets her drain it down; it will be another obstacle removed from his path. He leaves her as he



MISS LILY HANBURY.

Photo. by]

[Martin and Sallnow.

thinks dead; she is discovered, saved, and Chandos is arrested for attempted murder. This is the story, and it takes four acts and twelve scenes to tell it. I leave Act IV., with its three scenes out of it, for this act could be taken out of the drama without disturbing the continuity of the plot. Act IV., however, is the redeeming feature of the play. It takes us out to Burmah, and shows us how pluckily our men can and did fight against the dacoits and rebels. Were it not for this act, one would feel inclined to condemn the piece. Why two clever and intelligent men, such as Mr. Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris undoubtedly are, should waste their time in holding up such a picture of the seamy side of life to us is best known to themselves. It cannot be

scenes—the Camp, the Jungle and the Chasm—are most realistic. Here we have a mere handful of men, worn out with continuous fighting, ammunition nearly all spent, knowing what little mercy they have to expect from their savage and cruel foes, yet cool and collected, ready, as of old, to do or die in honour of their flag and country. Here is the British Colonel, true grit to the last, advising and encouraging his men and leading them on to almost certain death. Here the young Captain, the pet of the regiment, who is thinking more of what has won the Lincoln Handicap than of the terrible dangers surrounding him; who has just done a heroic action in saving the life of one of his sergeants against fearful odds, and who, when he is congratulated, laughs at



MR. HENRY NEVILLE.



MR. HARRY NICHOLLS.

that they are desirous of pointing a moral. We hear a lot about "holding the mirror up to nature," but what good can come of it showing people all that is bad—how a man tiring of his mistress, casts her off and tells her to find someone else and to lead a life of pleasure. Why take us to the Empire and show us these things? Do such as these frequent the place? Are the doorkeepers bribed in the manner enacted on the stage? Are people in the habit of arranging with the "chuckers-out" to throw some obnoxious acquaintance out? I question it very much. But supposing for a moment it were so, why publish it to the world? Would it not be better, far better, to eradicate such evils quietly?

Act IV. deserves all the praise I, in my humble way, can give it. The three

the danger and remarks, "We could not lose the sergeant; he was a good fellow; he was the best fellow we had for our private theatricals." And then, wounded as this young officer is, he volunteers to ride—aye, through the valley of death—to try and bring up reinforcements, and he does, too, and eventually the rebels are defeated, and the good old flag waves triumphantly once more.

There is such a healthy tone about this entire act that it cannot be seen too often. We Britishers do not get or see half enough of our soldiers.

Now a word as to the cast and the acting, and I am done.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere, as Norah Hanlan, the much persecuted and cast-off mistress, is excellent; her acting is life-like, and her

rich voice rings throughout the vast auditorium, and, what is more interesting still to the ladies, Mrs. Beere wears some charming frocks. Miss Lily Hanbury, as Lady Mary Clifford, plays her difficult part with skill and judgment. Miss Laura Linden, as the actress, Phyllis de Belleville, is natural, which is all that is required. Henry Neville, as Desmond O'Brien, the lover of Norah, is forcible and dramatic, and whenever he is on the stage the piece goes with a swing. The villainy of Captain Chandos is weak and uneven, and in consequence, a good part does not stand out as it should.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
Photo. by] In "The Other Fellow." [the Stereoscopic Co.

Since Mr. Willard retired from the villain's part, he has had but two successors, Mr. Charles Cartwright and Mr. W. L. Abingdon. A third has not yet been found, though more than one has competed for the post. Mr. Frank Fenton makes a handsome and pleasing Lord Avondale, and in the fourth act, as Colonel of his regiment, he has some very fine lines. The Captain Danby of Mr. Harry Nicholls is received with loud plaudits, and one and all are pleased to welcome the popular actor back again. Isidore Scasi, the obnoxious money-lending Jew, is well portrayed by Mr. Elton. Mr. Stephen Caffrey makes a fine old Irishman, Michael Hanlan. To sum up, the drama is well acted, with the exception already pointed out, and is also well staged. Everyone should go and see the realistic fourth act, which is a masterpiece of stage management.

"The Other Fellow," at the Court, is a piece of a very different style. It is an adaptation of the great Parisian success, "Champignol Malgré Lui," adapted by Fred Horner. Its object is to amuse, and undoubtedly it succeeds in so doing.

There are three acts. Act I. finds us in Champignol's studio in Paris. Madame Champignol, prior to her marriage, was engaged to one Vicomte de St. Fontaine. She meets the Vicomte again, and her friends mistake him for her husband, Champignol. The mistake grows until the Vicomte is arrested as a deserter for the real Champignol, and taken off to the camp at Clermont. I may here mention that the French conscription law decrees that every Frenchman (with duly specified exceptions), on attaining twenty-one years of age, must enter the army and remain three years with the colours. He is then automatically drafted into the Reserves, and subsequently undergoes periods of twenty-eight and thirteen days' training at stated intervals; besides which he is always liable to be called out to join his old company in case of national peril.

Messrs. Champignol and Singleton are in the Reserves (with which this play more particularly deals), while the Vicomte de St. Fontaine benefits by the specified exceptions, and is totally exempt from military service.

Act II. brings us to camp, where the 175th are lying, and here, in due course, the real Champignol also turns up. The complications that ensue are many and laughable.



MR. WM. WYES.

Act III. shows us that a grand ball is being given at Madame Rivolet's, near Clermont. The object is to introduce the Vicomte as a suitor to Adrienne, daughter of Captain Camaret of the 175th. The Captain is receiving his guests, and in due course the Vicomte is announced, but he is not greeted with that cordiality he is led to expect. The Captain naturally takes him for Champignol, and though he protests and tries to explain matters, no one believes him. Champignol is sent for (the real one), who, when he arrives and learns the true state of affairs from his wife, denies his identity and claims to be the Vicomte, Champignol being "the other fellow."

The piece, which has been cut and compressed since its first production, goes with a bang from start to finish, the whole theatre being in one constant ripple of laughter.

Mr. Charles Groves as Champignol and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as the Vicomte and spurious Champignol, are both excruciatingly funny. Mr. Brookfield, as the Captain, does the most with his part, his polite bow being alone worthy of a visit. Mr. Wyes, as a country visitor, both in acting and make-up is exceedingly funny. Mr. De Lange is the peppery old Colonel Fourrageot, and makes the most of a small part. It is a pity the author did not make this part a better one, especially when he cast for it such a clever character actor as Mr. De Lange. Mr. Nainby's "Corporal" also deserves a word of praise, being a well thought out and skilful piece of acting. Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Burleigh, and Miss Mackintosh and Mr. Seymour Hicks make two handsome pairs of lovers. Miss Pattie Brown, who played the maid Charlotte, when I first witnessed "The Other Fellow," and made the part stand out, has since taken up the part of Agnes, Champignol's wife, and she has given that part just the go it wanted to make the piece a still greater success.

"His Last Chance" is the little musical comedietta that precedes "The Other Fellow." The dialogue has been freshened up, and new wheezes

put in by Mr. Seymour Hicks; and he and Miss Ellaline Terriss, who, by the way, is always charming, help the early comers to pass away the first half hour very pleasantly.

What an improvement has taken place in dancing these latter years! On the variety stage we used to have the old stereotyped song and dance, something after this style:—

Down by the woodside glen,
One, two, three and a twirl,
I shall meet my Charlie, then
One, two, three and a twirl,

and so on for three or four verses of inane twaddle and faked steps, and this to be followed by another artist with some more similar twaddle and steps. Now this is all changed. In all our burlesques dancing is made a particular feature. In the music halls, too, dancing is now to be seen and appreciated. Take, for instance, Miss Nellie Navette, the nimblest and neatest of dancers; this artist can come and sing two or three songs on diverse subjects, and follow each with a dance suitable to the occasion. She was brought up as a dancer, and was, at the age of twelve, the principal dancer in the ballets at the Old Albert Palace, under William Holland; then she migrated to the Palace, where she put in some good work under Oscar Barrett. For the last four years she has been delighting the frequenters of our principal variety halls. It was she who brought out the "Lady

Cricketer's Song" at the Pavilion, and Murdoch, the then Captain of the Australian team, publicly presented her with a bat and ball. Her plantation song and dance will be fresh in everyone's memory. It was called "The Darkie's Dance," and is published by Charles Sheard and Co.

Pete plays the banjo, Uncle Mike the fiddle,
And de gals and de boys are shouting with delight,
So we'll dance de jig and breakdown, and sing the nigger chorus,
From de evenin' dusk to de mornin' light,
For we'll sing de songs our mudders taught us,
Sing de songs we lub so well,
Sing de songs of de happy angels,
And of ringin' on de ole church bell.
Ringin' de bell
Ringin' de bell
Ringin' on de old church tell,
Joinin' in wid de angel chorus,
Ringin' on de old church bell.

Miss Navette is engaged at



MISS NELLIE NAVETTE.

Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

the West End halls till the end of 1896. In the summer-time Miss Navette is to be seen on the river, canoeing or punting; or in winter, driving one of the nattiest turn-outs imaginable; but then she is booked till the end of 1896.

A new feature is shortly to be added to the pleasures of Londoners, in the opening of Wembley Park. True, it will be another eighteen months before we see the completion of the great tower which is to put the Eiffel Tower in the background, for it is to be one hundred and seventy-five feet taller, making it one thousand one hundred and fifty feet, and as the site chosen is already elevated, visitors ought to get a magnificent view from the top when the weather is fine. There is to be a theatre, side shows, restaurants, shops, etc., on or in the tower. The pleasure grounds will be large; football and cricket grounds, running and cycling tracks; in fact, any or everything that can attract visitors will be laid on. As Wembley Park is but about fifteen minutes' run from Baker Street, it will be within easy access of Londoners, and no doubt the Railway Companies most interested will lay themselves out to accommodate the public.

Mr. Sims Reeves's reappearance at the Promenade Concerts has been hailed with delight by many, but to some of us old stagers to hear him now, and to remember

what he was, is sad, very sad. True, the old veteran has lost none of that charm of rendering and accuracy of phrasing for which he was renowned, but old age has told very much on that beautiful and tuneful voice which used to delight his hearers ten, fifteen and twenty years ago. I can't go back any further. He has given us many of his old favourites, such as "Tom Bowling," "Come into the Garden," "The Trim-built Wherry," and rendered them as only he could. Indeed, a few evenings before he made his reappearance, I heard another tenor trying to sing "The Bay of Biscay." I say trying; it is needless to add he did not succeed, he got through the song, however.

Christmas is coming on fast, and Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Oscar Barrett are both hard at work on their pantomimes; but more on this subject next month. Oscar Barrett opens the Lyceum with "Cinderella," having Miss Ellaline Terriss in the name part. Sir Augustus Harris will give us "Robinson Crusoe" at that home of pantomimes yclept Drury Lane.

Before these lines appear in print the Savoy, the Trafalgar, Terry's, the Comedy, Daly's and the Royalty will have opened their doors; and let me add that I hope they will all have produced pieces destined to stay. Time will tell!

❖ Puzzledom ❖

71. Anagrams.—(1) Charity is tin. (2) There we sat. (3) Nay I repent it.
(4) Into my arm. (5) Nine thumps. (6) Real fun.
72. A Charade.—My first is to ramble, my next to retreat,
My whole oft annoys us in summer's swift heat.
73. A Word Square.—A grain. A chill. A cluster. Collections.
74. Conundrums.—When is a bad pun like a poor pencil ?
75. When is love deformed ?
76. Which is the oldest tree ?
77. What key is best for unlocking the tongue ?
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Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th November. Competitions should be addressed "November Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

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|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 64. Tobacco. | 68. When it becomes an engagement. |
| 65. Fire-light. | 69. Bolt it. |
| 66. Silence. | 70. Because they are legends. |
| 67. Because it makes the butterfly. | |

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our September Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—W. W. Fabes, 57, George Street, Hampstead Road, London; Mrs. H. G. Gray, 10, Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Nelson, 157, Brunswick Road, Poplar; Miss Payne, 9, Ralph Street, Hornsey Road, London; E. M. Zambra, Ayton House, Finsbury Park, London.

ERRATA.—No. 58 (3) should have read "Guess then our sin;" and No. 64, my 3 2 4 to wear. In awarding prizes, these two puzzles have been entirely omitted.